

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

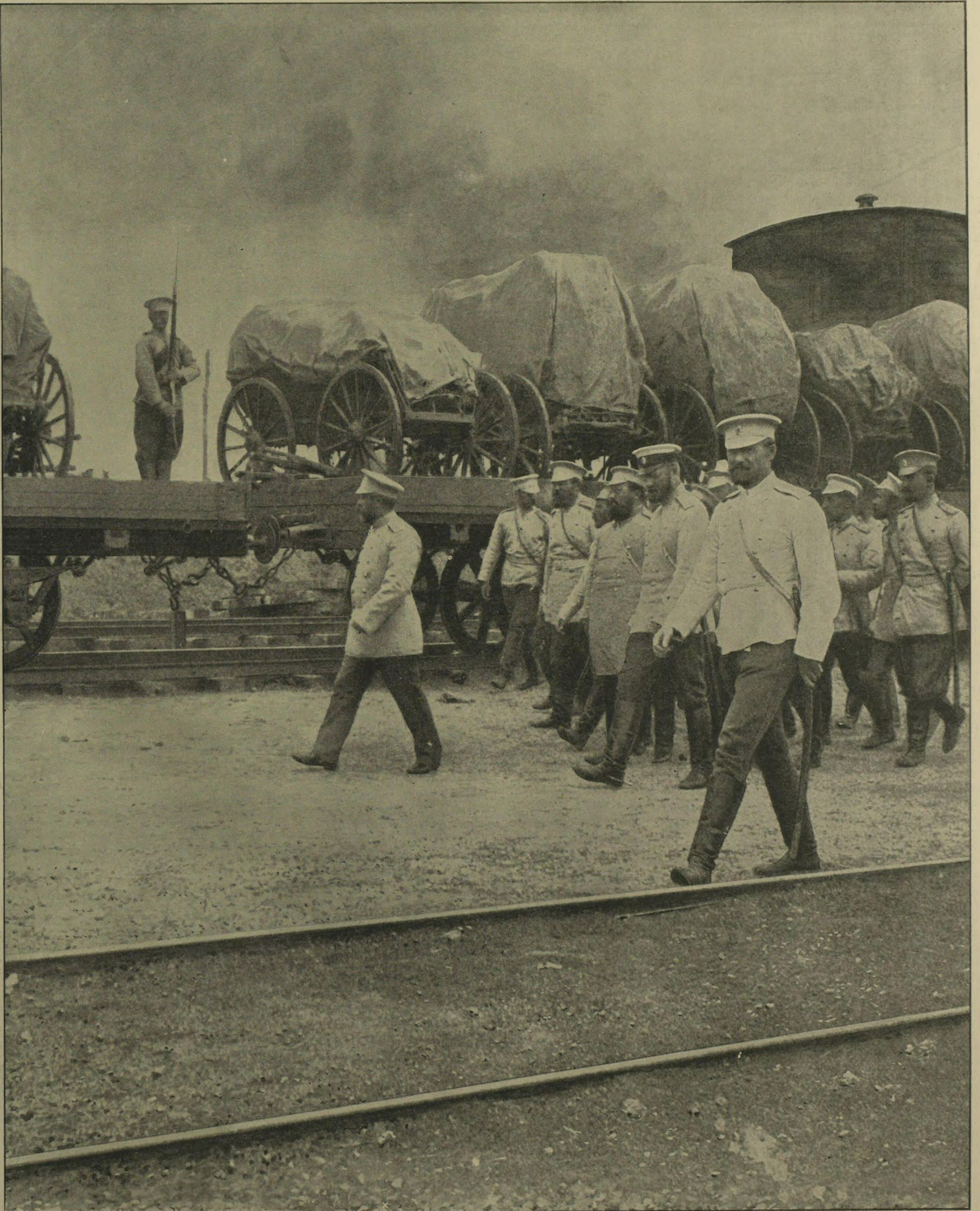
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UNDER THE CHIEF'S EYE: AN INSPECTION OF A STORE AND BAGGAGE TRAIN BY GENERAL KUROPATKIN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A correspondent in Russia sends me fragments of this journal, dated Aug. 20, to show how they have been relished by the Censor. When that official comes across any printed matter which he deems noxious to the Tsar's dominions, he takes a flat-iron, covered with a delicate preparation of soot, and blackens it out. This treatment was applied to an article by Mr. Charles Lowe on the "Russian Succession." A learned and interesting article, to be sure; but you know, my dear Lowe, that you *did* say things about bygone Romanoffs—what happened to Peter III. and Paul I., for instance—which no self-respecting Censor could tolerate. The writer of our "Ladies' Page," who praised the great Catherine, along with our own Elizabeth and Victoria, and adduced excellent reasons for believing that Russia would benefit by the rule of another female Sovereign, may be pained to know that the Censor is not of the same mind. Down came the flat-iron on the illustrious women who made petticoat rule so glorious. Well, well! Seeing that the Tsaritsa's new baby is a boy, any wish that he had been a girl may strike the Censor as sinister.

But that discriminating official seems to have been greatly troubled by our portrait of the Tsaritsa—"The Mother of a Tsar To Be." Those words beneath the picture might have been spared had they stood alone; but there followed a pleasant word or two about this relief to the Tsar amid his "misfortunes"; also the suggestion that "the advent of the Tsarevitch has probably averted a revolution." No Russian Censor admits "misfortunes." As for "revolution," Mr. Lowe has told us that one Romanoff Sovereign forbade the use of the term, even when applied to the motion of the heavenly bodies. He flung the flat-iron at the stars. Yes, but what was the Censor to do with our portrait of the gracious lady who has given an heir to the throne of All the Russias? He could not desecrate that with soot. The bare idea must have chilled his official blood. But something had to be defaced; and so the flat-iron smote "The Mother of a Tsar To Be," and the rest. Then, I surmise, the Censor fell into a stupor, to the great alarm of his family. When he is able to resume his duties, he will be confronted by another horrible dilemma. These present remarks of mine can scarcely evade the sooty doom; and yet I can hear him say: "But this man is a true friend of Russia. It was he who showed how judiciously the Vladivostok Prize Court acted in that flagrant case of contraband, when the British skipper, ordered to eat the captain's biscuit, was convicted out of his own mouth. *Et tu, Brute!*" Well, come what may, I shall never forget that the Censor read my comments on that remarkable case (so strangely overlooked by other jurists), and permitted them to stand as a vindication of Russian justice.

Even the part which is played in the world's affairs by the mother of a Tsar to be would scarcely content the American lady whose utterances have disturbed Mr. Marriott Watson. He has been writing in the *Nineteenth Century* on the overweening importance of the American woman; and he quotes Mrs. Perkins, who told a congress of ladies at Berlin that woman must now resume the sovereignty which Nature had accorded her, and treacherous man had filched away. How it is to be restored to its rightful owner I do not know; but Mrs. Perkins is good enough to assure the recreant who now usurps it that woman will not treat him in her hour of victory as he has for ages treated her. I am glad of that, because it is high time that we had a real display of magnanimity. Men pretend they are more magnanimous than women; but when Mrs. Perkins has her chance she will put men to shame by her generosity. She will sit in the judgment seat, of course (all women, I suppose, will take this job in rotation), to try offenders. Her judicial robes will be most becoming; but the wig will be discarded as a symbol of the bad old tyranny of man, and so disfiguring! When Mr. Marriott Watson is brought before her in chains, and charged with *lèse-majesté* in the worst degree, Judge Perkins will inflict no penalty: she will not even sentence him to eat his *Nineteenth Century* article; but she will talk to him for many hours.

Meanwhile, it may lighten his gloom to note that a Frenchwoman has written a sequel to the adventures of Nora Helmer, the Ibsen heroine who gave such a spur to the feminist movement a dozen years ago. Nora slammed the front-door on that Norwegian interior which was so satisfactory to her self-complacent mate. After some years of silent sorrow they met at Nice. Helmer was travelling with his daughter; and Nora was so overcome by the sight of her child that she returned most submissively to the bosom of the family. She had written a feminist book, which had a great success; and this is now the only bitter drop in the cup she has filled with the old brew of domestic joy. When Rowena was wedded to Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, in Thackeray's burlesque, she would allude in heated moments to the time "when

you were locked up with that Jewess in the tower." A real Saxon lady, of course, would have been too magnanimous to annoy her husband in that manner. But don't you see Helmer meanly producing Nora's book from a drawer when they have little tiffs? He reads to her in a sarcastic tone eloquent bits on the sovereignty of woman. No magnanimity about him, you bet, as they say in Colorado.

But is Mr. Marriott Watson entirely disinterested in his assault on the doctrines of Mrs. Perkins? He writes in the *Nineteenth Century* like a melancholy philosopher; but that is not his true *métier*. He is a story-teller; he delights in adventure and derring-do. Now I take it that if Mrs. Perkins should get the upper hand, derring-do will disappear from our fiction. Sovereign woman, having subdued and tamed the beast of prey, hitherto regnant, cannot let him have the taste of blood in the pages of a six-shilling novel. He might burst his bars, and eat up the feminist missionary, "skin, bones, and hymn-book too." The note of brutal adventure will have to come out of our story-books. "We nobler minds," says Vernon Lee, another lady with a solemn message, could never tolerate Stevenson after his "strange moral lapse in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.'" Stevenson was under the impression that he had written in that tale rather an improving allegory on the dual nature of man. But what happened? Why, he went to Samoa, and there, in league with a buccaneering confederate named Lloyd Osbourne, he spun horrid yarns of wild life in the Southern Seas. And the "majority of Anglo-Saxons" wallowed shamelessly in savage deeds.

When woman achieves her sovereignty, "we nobler minds" must end all that. The only life that literature should record is the life that is known to a studious and mirthless spinster. It saddens Vernon Lee to think that the great classics abound in matters which, to studious and mirthless spinsters, are not a little shocking. Shakspeare, as she must have observed with pain, lives by his illimitable humanity. But in the sweet by-and-by, when the really great classics are written by the disciples of Mrs. Perkins, they will doubtless live by some emotional essence, unacquainted with flesh and blood. They will also have a humour so entirely their own that we ignoble minds cannot even imagine it. I find an Irishwoman discoursing with much propriety in the *National Review* upon humour, and denying that it is in a decline. "Looking back we see that it has been a steady progress, and looking forward we can see no reason why it should not continue." This is eminently comforting; and if anybody doubted the present vitality of humour, that sentence alone would reassure him. But when Mrs. Perkins and Vernon Lee take it definitely and autocratically in hand, and order its ways according to the dictates of "nobler minds," who can say what its quality will be?

Paris has a new distraction—the *taxamètre*, which indicates the distance you traverse in a fiacre. It is a universal toy; everybody plays with the *taxamètre*; endless articles are written in the newspapers to show that the new device saves money or does not, that it has brought about the millennium by reconciling the citizen and the cabman, or postponed the brotherhood of man by exasperating both. London has no new distractions, except for visitors unused to her little ways. I met an American family on the top of an omnibus. It was composed of Mamma, alert, bright-eyed, and humorous; of Billy the son, and Priscilla the daughter. Right in front of them sat a very small Cockney youth, smoking a vile cigarette, and nonchalantly puffing fumes and ashes into the faces behind him. Observing that the early training of very small Cockney boys left much to be desired, Mamma and Priscilla the daughter executed a strategic movement to the rear, leaving Billy the son to screen them as much as possible from the artillery fire of the enemy.

Will they go home, I wonder, and tell the neighbours that our babes and sucklings have a fear-some taste for bad tobacco, and no manners? Will they report that the London streets by night are alight with camp-fires, and that by day they are blocked by boards bearing the legend "No Thoroughfare"? "Londoners," I explain to the American family on the top of the omnibus, "are accustomed to these things. They return from their holidays in September, prepared to find that it will take a day or two to transport their luggage from the railway-station to their homes. Why are the streets taken up everywhere by pioneers with pickaxes? Oh, it is the little plan of the municipal authorities for keeping down the traffic. The traffic is so great that very often it is not safe to leave a window open. Somebody on a passing wagon may throw a beam of wood through it, just to relieve the congestion. Yes, it is a very serious problem; and one of these days the County Council will take up all the pavements, and not a soul will be able to stir!" At this information Priscilla the daughter seems amazed; but there is a gentle twinkle in the eye of Billy the son.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

If Marshal Oyama, when he issued directions for the operations which began last week, really hoped to bring about another Sedan, then he must be held to have failed to have achieved complete success. But we have no right to assume that this was his intention. And the actual results, including the capture of Liao-yang, are a great triumph, even if they do not result in the breaking up of Kuropatkin's army. It is only fair to remember that Liao-yang had been fortified up to the very last point, and was held by the Russians themselves to be impregnable. Yet they have been forced out of it by the Japanese with tremendous losses, and the Russian Commander-in-Chief, after deliberately giving battle, has been decisively defeated.

We have to go back to the morning of Aug. 24 to realise the difference between the position of the opposed forces when the fighting began, and what the position is now. Then the Russian army held a series of entrenched posts reaching from An-shan-chan, some twenty miles south of Liao-yang on the railway, westwards to An-ping, some twelve miles from the same place, and thence to the Tai-tse River. The length of this front is about thirty miles, and between these advanced posts and Liao-yang itself semi-permanent defences had been thrown up on the hills to the south and south-east of the town. What steps had been taken to bridge the Tai-tse to the north of the position is not quite certain, but it cannot be supposed that the Russian commander had omitted to take this obvious precaution. The number of the Russian troops it is not possible to estimate with any degree of certainty, but in all probability General Kuropatkin had under him from fourteen to fifteen divisions, besides 15,000 cavalry; altogether probably from 150,000 to 160,000 men and 500 guns. That some portion of this force was north of the Tai-tse when the fighting began is likely, but not a large portion, and this would be guarding the extreme left of the Russian position, from the northern bank of the Tai-tse to the Yen-tai mines. Opposed to these forces were the three armies of the Japanese—that of General Oku, with its headquarters at Hai-cheng; that of General Nodzu on its right; and that of General Kuroki resting on the Motien-ling—and it is probable that these armies aggregated somewhere over 250,000 men. A fourth force has been mentioned as operating to the west of the Liao; but nothing was reported of the operations of this force in the fighting, although the intervention of a column in this direction might have important consequences later on.

The first movement of importance mentioned in the official dispatches refers to a Japanese column which moved out of one of the defiles on the left of Kuroki's position on Wednesday, Aug. 25, and entrenched itself on the road to An-ping. Next morning Kuroki's army continued the attack, engaging the enemy on the mountain ridges twenty-three miles south-east of Liao-yang. About the same time Oku and Nodzu moved out and engaged the enemy on their front. On the night of Aug. 25 Kuroki made a night attack, in which he carried the enemy's position in the centre. And on Aug. 25, when fighting was resumed, the Russian left was also carried and eight guns were captured. On Saturday, Aug. 27, the attack was renewed, and by sunset that day the entire line of the Russian position fell into the Japanese hands, and the outer series of the defences was pierced. Simultaneously the armies in the south advanced up to a short distance from An-shan-chan, which, as a result of the Japanese success on the right, Kuropatkin now ordered to be abandoned, its defenders retreating to the north. The Japanese pursued the enemy as they fled towards Liao-yang, capturing field-guns, ammunition, and many carts. It will be seen that in these first four days' fighting it was the Japanese right which took the offensive, while the left and centre kept the enemy engaged in their front. When, however, the breaking of the line at An-ping had caused a retirement from An-shan-chan, the southern armies took up the fighting, pressing onwards, while Kuroki's force merely held the occupied positions. On the morning of Monday, Aug. 29, Kuroki was nine miles east-south-east of Liao-yang, while Nodzu and Oku, continuing the operation, faced the Russian line of defence six miles south of that place. On Aug. 30 and 31 severe fighting took place all along the south and east fronts. For two days the Russians held their enemy in check, but on Tuesday Kuroki began to cross the Tai-tse River, which had hitherto marked the northern limit of the operations. His troops had had a rest, after fighting from the 24th to the 27th, and were now again ready for further work. Meanwhile, it was not until nearly midnight on Wednesday, the 31st, that Oku got round the west of the Russian right. The next morning, that of Thursday, Sept. 1, the Russians, unable to resist their assailants, began retiring towards Liao-yang. Nodzu and Oku, in hot pursuit, were able to capture the enemy's guns and turn them upon the Liao-yang railway-station. The same morning Kuroki, now across the river with the greater part of his force, wheeled to the left and attacked the Russians fifteen miles north-east of Liao-yang, at Hei-yen-tai. The total of the Japanese casualties up to this time is officially estimated at about ten thousand. The Russian losses, which on two days alone were over five thousand, must have been quite as heavy. Further battles took place on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning Liao-yang fell into Japanese hands. But the great part of the Russians were by this time across the river, and Kuropatkin was able on Sunday to report that he had occupied a fresh position to the south of the branch railway from Yen-tai station to the Yen-tai mines. He has got away from Liao-yang, but only after terrific sacrifices, and doubtless we shall be told, as we have been told before, that this withdrawal is a part of that marvellous strategy which promises victory after many successful retreats. Still, to have escaped at all is something.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE GARDEN OF LIES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. Alexander has not been very happy in his choice of a new romantic drama at the St. James's. The story of "The Garden of Lies" is an imitation, almost a travesty, of that of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and is also indebted for certain of its elements to Mr. Huntley McCarthy's Villon fantasy, "If I Were King." Its hero, like Rudolf Rassendyll, impersonates the Monarch of a small German State and wins the love of an exquisite Princess; like the stage Villon, he is a drunken ne'er-do-well, who woos a great lady in a beautiful garden. The play's total lack of originality, however, is not its worst fault: that might be excused if its plot were made fairly reasonable, and its dialogue had literary, or at least rhetorical, charm. But in this adaptation of a novel (and it is amazing that a playwright of Mr. Sydney Grundy's calibre should have passed some of its speeches) the language—presumably the novelist's, Mr. Justus Miles Forman's—is so bald, so stilted, so singularly uninspired that it exposes in an almost ludicrous light the tissue of improbabilities round which its fable is composed. The notions of the Princess who must be shown some sort of a husband to prevent her losing her reason, of the Prince who forgives his rival after being conquered by him in a duel, of the happy ending brought about by the convenient death of the Prince, childish as they are, would be tolerable if they were adorned by fine rhetoric. As it is, an exciting first act, one pretty love-scene in the comedy vein, and an amusing sketch of a Scotch doctor—quaintly represented by Mr. Mark Kingborne—are the production's best features, they and Mr. Alexander's admirable declamation. Mr. Alexander, indeed, carries the play on his shoulders, for Miss Lillian Braithwaite, despite her graceful womanliness, is not strenuous enough for the heroine's rôle.

"BEAUTY AND THE BARGE," AT THE NEW.

The Haymarket management's proverbial luck has followed the transfer of its operations to the New Theatre, and in Mr. W. W. Jacobs' first full-sized play, "Beauty and the Barge," to the construction of which Mr. Louis Parker has lent his experience, Messrs. Harrison and Maude have secured what should be one of the most popular entertainments of the year. Mr. Jacobs' fun is both genial and out of the common. In his half-realistic, half-fantastic sketches of plebeian barge-folk, the author of "Many Cargoes" has managed at once to strike new ground and to find scope for an original vein of breezy, rollicking humour. His latest hero is fully as delightful an oddity as any other of Mr. Jacobs' philandering skippers; and quite pathetically comic are the tall stories with which this barge-captain courts the affections of the runaway damsel whom he hides from an unwelcome suitor. Conventional, too, as is the plot of the piece, with its heroine's lover disguised as a bargee and its skipper cruelly discomfited in his wooing, the sentimental passages are freshly and delicately handled, while Mr. Jacobs' farcical invention alike in barge and tap-room scenes simply revels in ludicrous situations and novel tricks of pantomime. The humorist's chief help is, of course, Mr. Cyril Maude, whose skipper in make-up, in voice, in semi-blustering, semi-deprecating manner is a triumph of comic portraiture; but only less good is Mr. Lennox Pawle's shambling, hoarse-voiced mate, a study surely from life. To mention other admirable performances would be but to enumerate the whole cast, which includes Miss Jessie Bateman, daintiest of ingénues, Mrs. Calvert, in a characteristic lachrymose rôle, and Mr. Robson as a diminutive potman.

A NEW PROLOGUE AT THE IMPERIAL.

To add a prologue to a play which, like "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," has already enjoyed a successful run of several months, is, as the Imperial management itself suggests, rather an unusual course; but there is justification for it in this particular instance. The bustling cape-and-sword romance, in which Mr. R. N. Stephens and Mr. Lyall Swete have furnished Mr. Lewis Waller with his latest chance of cutting a gallant figure, always suffered slightly from its vague explanation of why its soldier hero abandoned the Loyalist for the American side in the War of Independence. This defect the new and somewhat lengthy prologue now remedies, and as it enables Mr. Waller besides to wear a fresh sort of uniform, Hanoverian red, and to play his part in a neatly stage-managed duel, no other excuse should be required for its presentation.

"WINNIE BROOKE, WIDOW," AT THE CRITERION.

The main interest of Mr. Malcolm Watson's new Criterion comedy, "Winnie Brooke, Widow," consists in its allowing Miss Ada Reeve to prove that one day she will develop into a genuine comedienne. Before, however, this popular favourite can achieve her ambition, she must—her keen wits and almost Gallic vivacity notwithstanding—overcome certain mannerisms occasioned by her musical comedy experience. When she has learned to refrain from over-emphasising her lines by smiles and nods at her audience, when she remembers not to stand out of the stage picture of which she forms but part, she may, and with her talent should, rival other actresses who have used musical comedy as a stepping-stone to higher things. Not that her histrionic methods are very much out of place in "Winnie Brooke, Widow," a piece which, with its Gilbertian notion of a monastic retreat for love-lorn bachelors invaded and overthrown by a dashing widow, with its bevy of melancholy swains and lively school-girls separated only by a partition, calls aloud for songs and choruses and music generally. There is Mr. Watson's mistake. Without a score his fantastic story proves rather bald, especially in the last act; and not even Miss Reeve's high spirits, reinforced by Mr. Eric Lewis's suave gallantry as an impressionable lawyer, and Mr. Robb Harwood's quaint caricature of scholastic pomposity, can quite atone for the lack of music.

"MARGUERITE," AT THE CORONET.

It is a bold thing that Miss Lena Ashwell has attempted this week at the Coronet Theatre—that of challenging comparisons with Réjane in a play which enables the latter to give one of her most complete displays of virtuosity. Judged by the least exacting standard of art, "La Montansier" is negligible enough, but it has at least this merit, that, thanks to its titular character's constant variations of moods and manners, it furnishes a very good test of the range of any actress who plays the heroine. So here we have Miss Ashwell, in a decent enough version of the piece of Mr. Michael Morton's arranging, resolutely tackling the patchwork of scenes in which "the actress of the Revolution" is made to prove her versatility, showing her first as the society coquette amid Royalist lovers, then as the actress languishing for love of a Marquis and repelling the dangerous passion of the revolutionary St. Just, again as a patriot leading a mock troop of actor-soldiers and feeding the famished army like Cyrano's Roxane, lastly as a woman striving at a stage-rehearsal to recover the affection of the actor who was once her devoted lover.

THE EMPIRE'S REVISED BALLET.

Taking advantage of Mlle. Genée's return from holiday-making, the Empire directors presented this week a revised version of their bright and picturesque ballet, "High Jinks," the chief novelty of which is a little divertissement entitled "Pan and Pierrette," which takes the place of the former interpolated travesty of "Faust." This dainty piece, laid in Arcadia, its story concerned with Pan's growing love for an exquisite Pierrette, gives ample opportunities to Mlle. Genée, as Pierrette, to exhibit her wonderful mastery of the art of dancing, is well interpreted also by M. Sundberg as Pan and Mlle. Zanfretta as a fortune-teller, and affords scope at the same time for elaborate spectacle and beautiful harmonies of colour.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court. Catherine Bearne. (Fisher Unwin. 18s. 6d.)
The Queen's Advocate. A. W. Marchmont. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)
A Yankee on the Yangtze. William Edgar Geil. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
Chance the Juggler. Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
In Her Own Way. Ellen A. Smith. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
Reginald. Saki (H. H. Munro). (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)
Mrs. Belfort's Strategem. Thomas Cobb. (Nash. 6s.)
Nigel's Vocation. W. E. Norris. (Methuen. 6s.)
The Schemers. Edward F. Harkins. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Bird Life in Wild Wales. J. A. Walpole Bond. (Fisher Unwin. 2s.)

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CROMER AND DISTRICT.—THE ILLUSTRATED OFFICIAL GUIDE will be forwarded Post Free on receipt of Two Penny Stamps by THE CLERK, CROMER.

THE FIRST SKETCH OF LASSA EVER MADE BY AN ENGLISHMAN: THE FORBIDDEN CITY AT A MILE'S DISTANCE.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM A SKETCH MADE FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE LASSA BY LIEUTENANT RYBOT, AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.

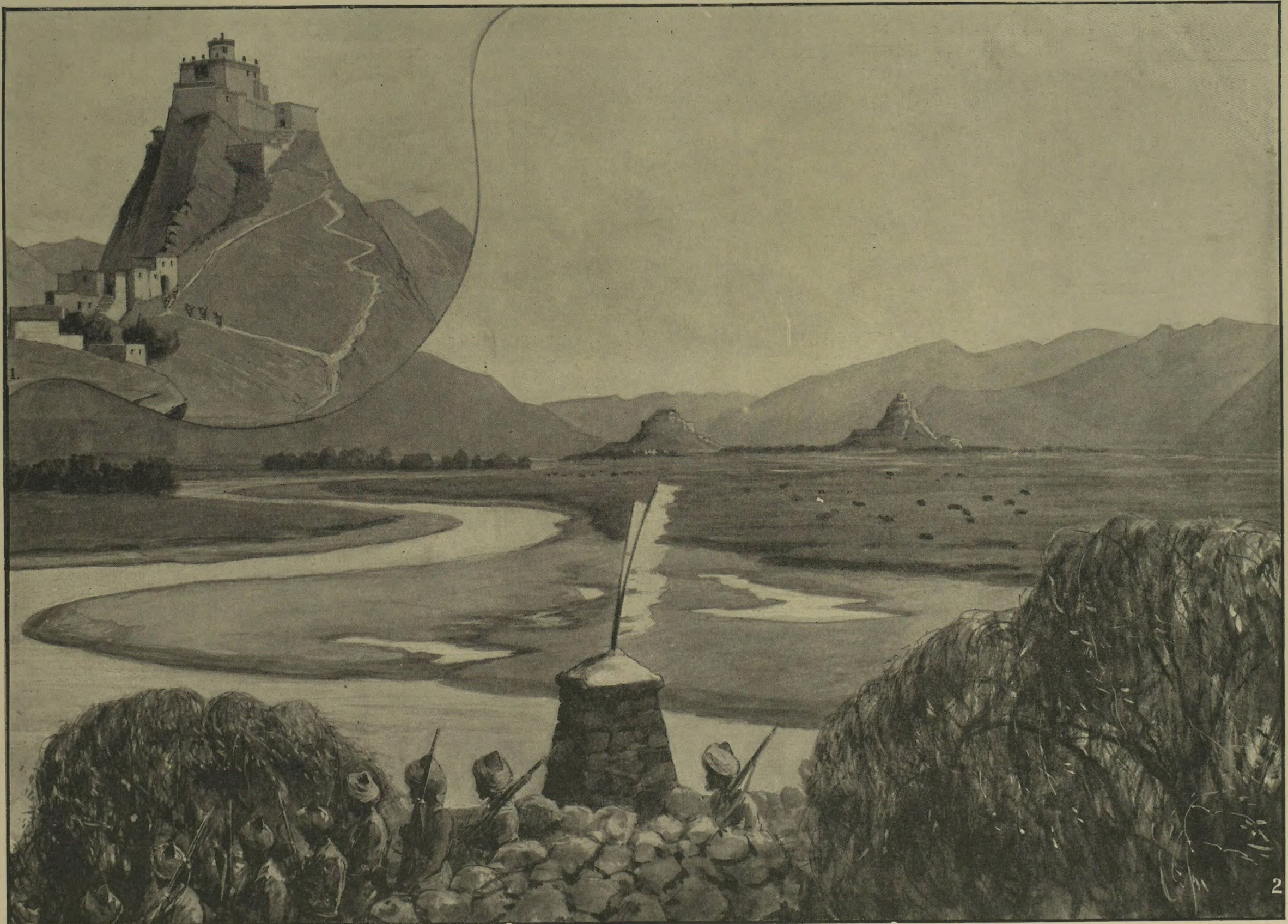


THE HEADQUARTERS OF BUDDHISM: THE SACRED CITY, SHOWING THE POTALA (THE BUDDHIST VATICAN) AND THE JO-KHANG CATHEDRAL (THE BUDDHIST ST. PETER'S).

Lieutenant Rybot made his sketch from a point about one mile west of the city, a spur of the Chag-pa Hill, on which the medical school is situated. Lassa lies among beautifully irrigated meadows. Dense willow groves extend along the gleaming reaches of the Ki-wy River. On the left towers the Potala, and in the centre of the town rises the Jo-khang, with its golden roof. This is the true Lassa, or place of the gods. The Cathedral is marked by large poles for prayer-flags. Just on the nearer side of it may be seen the sacred willow-tree, said to have sprung from a hair of Buddha. Beyond these points there is nothing very conspicuous in the aspect of the city.

FIVE MILES FROM LASSA: FIRST GLIMPSES OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT RYBOT, AN OFFICER OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION.



1. THE CHAG-PA-RI, OR MEDICAL COLLEGE HILL, FROM A SPUR OF WHICH THE FIRST ENGLISH SKETCH OF LASSA (SEE OTHER PAGE) WAS MADE.

2. THE BUDDHIST VATICAN, THE MEDICAL COLLEGE, AND THE SITUATION OF LASSA VIEWED FROM A DISTANCE OF FIVE MILES.

The distant citadel on the left of the plain is the Potala, the Grand Lama's residence; that on the right is the Medical College. In the foreground is a chorten, or sepulchral shrine, with Buddhist prayer-flags. A party of expeditionary troops is seen descending the footpath to the plain.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND QUEEN.

The King returned to London from Marienbad on Sept. 3. His Majesty disembarked at Port Victoria and travelled by special train to Charing Cross, where he arrived at 4.30, and was received by Mr. Akers-Douglas and Mr. E. R. Henry, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. The King drove at once to Buckingham Palace, where Queen Alexandra had arrived earlier in the day from Scotland. On Monday his Majesty left London to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, his Majesty's headquarters during the recent Doncaster races. On the same day the Queen and Princess Victoria left Charing Cross Station en route for Denmark. The royal yacht *Victoria* was waiting in the Medway to convey her Majesty and the Princess, but was storm-bound for several hours owing to rough weather. Her Majesty is accompanied to Denmark by the Hon. Charlotte Knollys and Colonel Brocklehurst.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The engagement of the German Crown Prince to the Duchess Cecilie Augusta Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, announced by the Kaiser on Sept. 4, has been received without excitement in Prussia and in the Grand Duchy, neither the prospective bride nor bridegroom being, by reason of their youth, well known to the people. The Duchess Cecilie was born at Schwerin on Sept. 20, 1886, and is the daughter of the late Grand Duke Frederick Francis III. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and of the Grand Duchess Anastasia, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Tsar Alexander II. She is said to be an excellent housekeeper, to speak English, French, and a little Russian, to have a moderate knowledge of music, and to be fond of sport. The Crown Prince was born at the Marble Palace, near Potsdam, on May 6, 1882, and is a Captain in the 1st Regiment of the Prussian Foot Guards.

Admiral George Parker, who died on Aug. 31, was within one day of completing his seventy-seventh year. He was the second son of the late Admiral Sir William Parker, himself a distinguished naval officer, and joined the premier service in 1840. His work was done on the Mediterranean, Pacific, West Indies, and North America and China Stations, and while on duty at the latter he was for two years engaged in operations against pirates. He was placed on the Retired List with the rank of Rear-Admiral in October 1872.

Sir James Rennell Rodd, new British Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Stockholm, is forty-five years of age, and has held appointments at Berlin, Athens, Paris, Cairo, Rome, and Zanzibar. In 1897 he was Special Envoy to King Menelik of Abyssinia.

Earl Grey, who has been chosen to succeed the Earl of Minto as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, owes his experience of the Colonies to South Africa, where he acted as British Administrator in Rhodesia for two years, and in which he is still interested by his Vice-Presidency of the British South Africa Company. His connection with Dr. Jameson of "Raid" fame, and his agreement with the employment of Chinese labour in the mines, have put him out of favour with certain parties, but on the whole his appointment seems to meet with the approval not only of the majority of people in this country, but, even more important still, of the Canadians themselves. The new Governor, who is fifty-three, is a grandson of the late Earl, and son of the General Charles Grey who brought Prince Albert from Coburg and acted as Queen Victoria's private secretary. He is the brother-in-law of the retiring Governor. He is probably best known by his work as a social reformer—as the pioneer of the temperance public-house and garden cities.

The Bishop of Southwell, the Right Rev. George Ridding, D.D., died on Aug. 30 at Thurgarton Priory. He was born at Winchester in March 1828, and was the son of the Vicar of Andover. For education Winchester and Oxford claimed him. He was a Balliol man, a Craven scholar, and took a First Class in Literæ Humaniores. A Fellowship at Exeter followed, and in 1853 he won the Chancellor's Latin Essay prize and was appointed tutor of Exeter. He was ordained the following year. In 1863 he was appointed second master at Winchester, and from 1868 to 1884 he held the head-mastership. During that tenure of office he interested himself in the formation of the Headmasters' Conference. He adapted his great power of dealing with boys to the difficult dealings with men which a Bishop is called upon to undertake, and his graces of character, his wisdom and tact, brought him to success in the arduous task of organising an entirely new diocese. His rule was productive of much good, and Bishop Ridding will long be held in grateful remembrance.

THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

At midnight, Sept. 6, an imaginary state of war came into existence on the East Anglian coast. During the previous day a force of 11,602 troops, 2701 horses and mules, 61 guns, 175 wagons, and 140 carts had been brought from Alder-

We were told that the Russian privateers would avail themselves of their superior speed, and would pay no heed to British signals. The *Novoe Vremya* amiably remarked that our naval commanders are renowned for treachery, like the Japanese. This innuendo was apparently intended to mean that if the *Smolensk* were overtaken, an attempt would be made to sink her. This shows that at St. Petersburg there were hopes that Count Lamsdorff's pacific intentions would be frustrated, and that the "urgent message" which he charged the British cruisers to deliver to the *Smolensk* would not reach her or would be disregarded. If the Russian commander had refused to recognise its authority, it would have been the duty of the British commander who had delivered the message to say: "Very well; but please understand that if I catch you meddling with a British merchantman I shall treat you as a pirate." No other course would have been consistent with the honour of the British flag. The Russian official warning has been communicated to the *Peterburg* and the *Smolensk*; and it will be interesting to note the result.



Photo. Schaarwächter.
H.I.H. FREDERICK WILLIAM,
THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

Photo. Russell.
THE DUCHESS CECILIE OF
MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

THE BETROTHAL OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

shot to Southampton, under the command of Sir John French, and all this vast armament was in the small hours and forenoon of Sept. 4 conveyed on shipboard at Southampton with the utmost smoothness. It would seem, indeed, that our lessons of the South African War have not been without fruit, for the arrangements for the embarkation gave evidence of forethought and common-sense. The troops slept for the night of Sept. 4 on Baddesley and Southampton Commons; at half-past two they were aroused, struck tents, and marched to the docks, where a specially detailed guide met each detachment and conducted it to its own ship. At



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE ADMIRAL GEORGE
PARKER,
DISTINGUISHED NAVAL OFFICER.

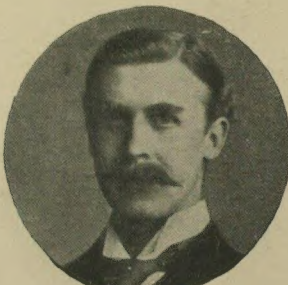


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR J. RENNELL RODD,
NEW BRITISH ENVOY AND MINISTER
AT STOCKHOLM.

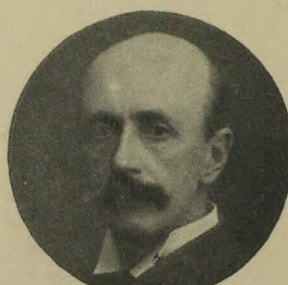


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
EARL GREY,
NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF
CANADA.

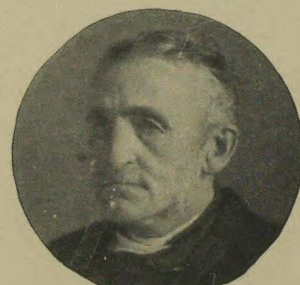


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE RIGHT REV. GEORGE
RIDGING, D.D.,
FIRST BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.

one o'clock the first of the transports left the harbour bound for the Essex coast. The general idea of the manœuvres was not that of an invasion of England, but an experiment in effecting a landing upon a hostile shore.

JAPAN'S PROGRAMME.

Japan, on the authority of a prisoner of war at Vladivostok, has already made up her mind as to the future. Russia has done the same more than once, but, apparently, with less justification. It seems that after the fall of Port Arthur, which is accepted as inevitable, Japan will seize Saghalien, Kamchatka, and the Commander Islands, and "Russia will be compelled to make peace, as, when the Port Arthur Squadron has been destroyed, it will serve no purpose to send the Baltic Fleet out to the Far East; and, moreover, Russia

OUR WAR SUPPLEMENT.

It has long been evident that the Japanese task before Port Arthur is not only difficult, but is attended with horrors rivaling even those of Sedan. The intrepid rush of the Japanese infantry, who will storm any position, regardless of loss, has been greatly discounted by the dexterous use which the Russians have made of barbed-wire entanglements. In the great attacks on the last days of July the scenes were indescribably terrible. Whole detachments were involved in inextricable confusion among the entanglements, and before they hacked or crawled their way out multitudes had gone down before the fire from the forts. The continual bursting of land mines added to the terrors of the scene. Our Supplement this week realistically illustrates this and other phases of modern war.

THE BECK CASE.

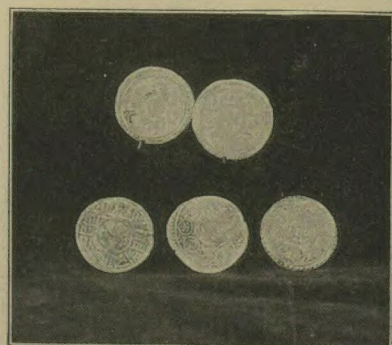
Much surprise has been caused by the absence of any response from the Home Office to the demand for a judicial inquiry into the case of Mr. Adolf Beck. One of the strongest supporters of this demand is Sir George Lewis, who says the public is entitled to know how it came about that Mr. Beck was committed to prison in 1896 as if he were identical with the man John Smith, although no previous conviction had been proved at his trial. It ought to be known who signed the commitment order, and on what grounds; also why, after treating Mr. Beck in prison as if he were Smith for two years, the authorities recognised that he was a different person, but refused to reopen the case. Sir George Lewis says that if the previous conviction had been proved by the prosecution, it would then have been made clear that Mr. Beck was not Smith, and the jury would not have been misled.

THE MARSEILLES STRIKE.

The strike of dock labourers at Marseilles continues acute, and the disaffection has now spread to Toulon. Up to Sept. 5 the agitation had been peaceful, but on the evening of that day some fighting occurred in the streets, and revolvers were freely used. Four men were killed in the brawl.

THE "SMOLENSK."

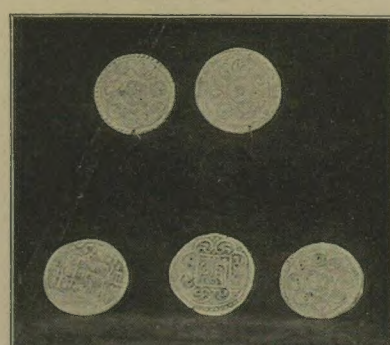
It is evident from the comments of the *Novoe Vremya* that the search by British cruisers for the *Smolensk* and her consort was by no means palatable to the aggressive section of the Russian Government.



LARGESSE AT LASSA: SPECIMENS OF TANKAS (FIVEPENNY-PIECES) DISTRIBUTED BY THE BRITISH TO THE LASSA POOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MISS SUSETTE M. TAYLOR.

The coins are minted at Lassa. The design on each tanka in Print No. 1 is said to be the Lassa rose. The coins are made thin in order that they may be cut up into smaller values.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL CHRONICLE.

Petit Paradis. Grand Paradis.



Photos. Alfred Holmes

THE ALPINE DISASTER TO FOUR ENGLISHMEN: THE APPROXIMATE POSITION OF THE ACCIDENT ON THE GRAND PARADIS RANGE (X).

The Rev. W. F. Wright, Messrs. W. Q. Clay, T. L. Winterbotham, and another were killed on the ridge of the Petit Paradis on August 30. They were warned by the famous guide, Kalbermatten, to be careful of the hard ice on the ridge.



THE ALPINE DISASTER TO FOUR ENGLISHMEN: THE SUMMIT OF THE GRAND PARADIS.



The Mate.

Photo. Fair.

FORTY THOUSAND MILES IN A 2½-TON CANOE: THE "TILIKUM" AT MARGATE.

Captain Voss left Victoria, British Columbia, on May 21, 1901, and with one companion has sailed forty thousand miles. His canoe, now at Margate, was built by a North-American Indian, long deceased, whose skull was carried throughout the voyage.

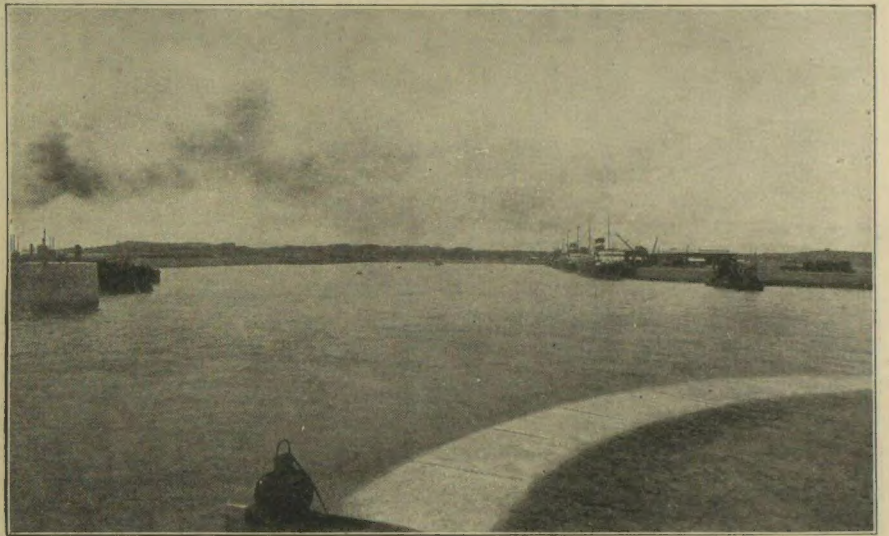


Photo. Banks.

A NEW LINK WITH IRELAND: THE MIDLAND RAILWAY'S DOCK AT HEYSHAM, OPENED SEPTEMBER 1.

From Heysham to Belfast the Midland Railway are now running a new line of passenger steamers, thereby greatly facilitating the means of access to Ireland.



THE RUSSIAN CONTROLLING CENTRE IN THE LAST GREAT BATTLE: GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S HEADQUARTERS AT LIAO-YANG.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE ROGERS, OF URBAN, LIMITED, LONDON AND PARIS.

The photograph also shows the railway-train which was held at the disposal of General Kuropatkin for his official journeys.

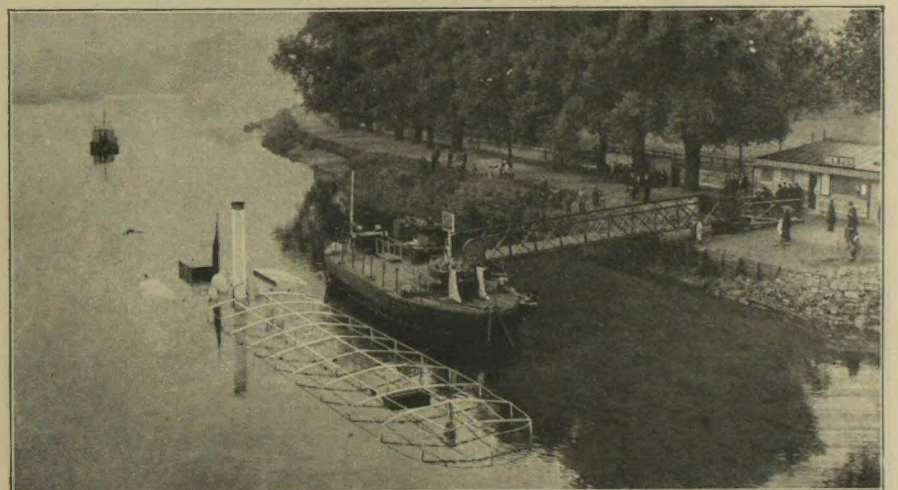


Photo. Haines.

A PLEASURE-STEAMER SUNK AT KEW BRIDGE: THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" AFTER HER ACCIDENT ON SEPTEMBER 5.

As the "Queen Elizabeth" was returning from her daily voyage to Hampton Court, she collided with some obstruction in the river bed, and began to settle down. Fortunately she was close to Kew Pier, and her 150 passengers were landed without mishap.



A LITERARY AND MUSICAL HORSE: HANS, THE FAMOUS EQUINE PERFORMER IN BERLIN.

It is claimed for Hans that he can distinguish the letters of the alphabet by tapping so many times with his foot to indicate the different letters. He is also said to recognise musical chords, and to analyse them into their constituent tones.

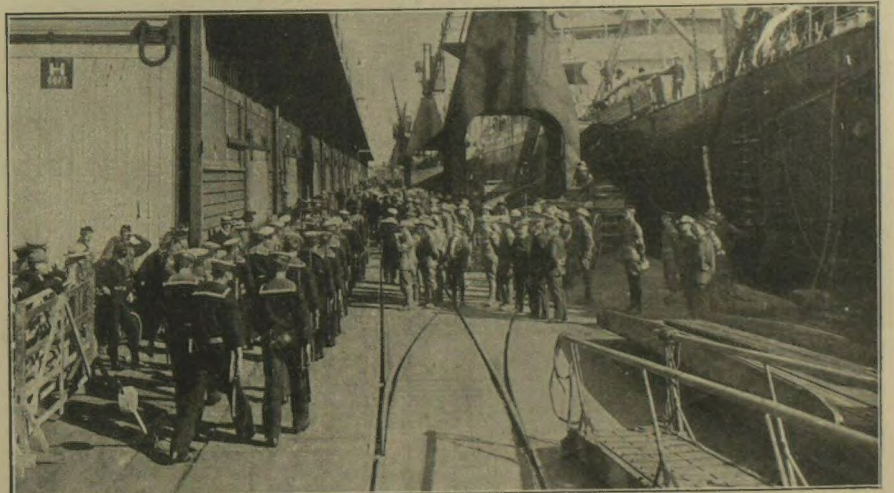


Photo. Cribb.

NAVAL HELPERS OF THE ARMY MANŒUVRES: BLUEJACKET SIGNALLERS EMBARKING AT SOUTHAMPTON WITH THE FORCE THAT INVADDED ESSEX.

The embarkation was the smoothest and most orderly in the records of the British Army. The transport here shown is the "Consuelo." A great fleet of specially chartered vessels carried 21,602 men, with guns and equipment, to the Essex coast.

COMBATANTS AT LIAO-YANG: PART OF THE GARRISON NOW EXPELLED BY THE JAPANESE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



SIBERIAN LEVIES FOR THE DEFENCE OF LIAO-YANG: THE ENTRY OF THE TOMSK REGIMENT.

It ought to be remembered that Russia has drawn her troops for the defence of Manchuria almost entirely from her Asiatic possessions. The Grand Army of Russia has not been moved in any force from its European stations. It is, of course, a factor to be reckoned with, and if in future campaigns Russia is compelled to throw her main strength into the scale of war, the odds may not go so uniformly in favour of Japan as they do at present.

THE LAMP AND THE GUITAR.

ILLUSTRATED BY]

By "Q."

[A. FORESTIER.]

[Copyright 1904 by A. T. Quiller-Couch in the United States of America.]

PART II.

"Señor Don Andrea, you know too much—thanks to my friend here," said the dark man slowly.

"But we are not assassins," put in the youngster. "Renegade though you be, Don Andrea, I give you your chance." He snatched the foil from his senior's hand and presented it solemnly, hilt foremost, to Fuentes.

"Youth—youth!" murmured Fuentes with an appreciative laugh tucked the foil under his arm, took off his spectacles and rubbed them, laughing again. He readjusted them carefully and, saluting, fell on guard. "I am at your service, Sir."

The youth stepped forward hotly, touched blades, and almost immediately lunged. An instant later his sword, as though it had been a bird released from his hand, flew over his shoulder into the twilight behind.

"That was ill-luck for you, Señor," said Fuentes lowering his point. "But who can be sure of himself in this confounded twilight?" He swung half-about towards the river-wall, with a glance across at the city, where already a few lights began to twinkle in the dusk. And, so turning, he seemed on a sudden to catch his breath.

And almost on that instant the youngster, who had fallen back disconcerted, sprang forward in a fresh fury and gripped his comrade by the arm, pointing excitedly towards a group of houses above the fortifications, whence from a high upper storey, deeply

recessed between flanking walls, a light redder than the rest twinkled across to us.

"The proof!" cried he. "She knew you would be here, and that is the proof! *You* at least I will kill before I leave this garden, as I came to kill you to-night."

In his new gust of fury he seemed to have forgotten his discomfiture—to have forgotten even the existence of Fuentes, who now faced them both with a smile which (unless the dusk distorted it) had some bitterness in its raillery.

"If I mistake not, Sirs, the light you were discussing signals to us from an upper chamber in the Lesser Street of the Virgins. It can only be seen from this garden and from the far end of it, where we now stand. I will not ask you who lights it now: but she who lit it in former days was named Luisa. Oh yes, she was circumspect—a good maid then, and no doubt a good maid now: in that street of the Virgins there was at least one prudent. Youth flies, *ay de mi!* But youth also, as I perceive to-night, repeats itself; and Luisa—who was always circumspect, though a conspirator—apparently repeats herself too."

"Luisa? What do you know of Luisa?" stammered the younger man. The name seemed to have fallen on him like the touch of an enchanter's wand, stiffening him to stone. Like a statue he stood there, peering forward with a white face.

"My friend"—Fuentes turned to me—"be so

good as to unstrap the case yonder and hand me my guitar."

He laid his foil on the table, took the guitar from me, and, having seated himself on the bench, tried the strings softly, all the while looking up with grave raillery at the two young men.

"What do I know of Luisa? Listen!" Under his voice he began a light-hearted little song, which in English might run like this, or as nearly as I can contrive—

My love, she lives in Salamanca
All up a dozen flights of stairs;
There with the sparrows night and morning
Under the roof she chirps her prayers.
They say her wisdom comes from heaven—
So near the clouds and chimneys meet—
I rather think Luisa's sparrows
Fetch it aloft there from the street!
What would you have? In la Verdura
All the day long she keeps a stall;
Students, bachelors buy her nose-gays,
Given with a look and—well, that's all!
Go, silly boy, believe you first with her—
Twenty at once she'll entertain.
Why love a mistress and be curst with her?
Copy Luisa—love all Spain!"

He paused, still eyeing them. "You recognise the tune, Sirs? Does she play it yet? Well, then, I made it for her.

"*You?* How came *you* to make her that tune?" The younger man had found his voice at length. "No,



She caught up a guitar and chimed in.

Sir; coquette she may be, but that she ever was friends with such a one as Andrea Galazza I will not yet believe."

"And you are right. Sirs, you have not yet told me your names: but in your generous heat you have given me your secret—that you are two lovers of Spain, and even such a pair as my friend and I have travelled some distance to seek. In return you shall have mine. I tricked you just now. I am not Don Andrea, but his brother Eugenio—or, as some call him, Fuentes."

"Fuentes! You!"

"Upon my honour, yes." He pulled off his spectacles, meeting their incredulity with a frank laugh. "What proof can I give you?" The guitar still lay across his knees: he picked it up as if to play, but set it down after a moment with another laugh, hard and bitter. "Let us go together, gentlemen, to the Street of the Virgins, and ask Luisa if she remembers me."

It was agreed that the young men—who gave their names as Diego de Ribalta and Sebastian Paz—should not accompany us into the city, but wend their way back across the bridge, while we finished our wine and mounted our beasts at leisure. The officer at the bridge-end made no pother about our passports (borrowed, I need scarcely say, from the estimable Don Andrea, who, as his brother explained, was a careful man, and zealous in all dealings with the authorities); and by-and-by we were clattering up-hill through the ill-lighted streets of Salamanca. At the head of the first street our two friends stepped out of the shadow and joined us in silence. In silence, too, Fuentes regreeted them, and led the way—to an inn first, the Four Crowns, standing almost under the shadow of the Old Cathedral, where we stabled mare and mule; then, on foot, through a maze of zigzagging lanes and alleys, back into the depths of a waterside quarter. Once he was at fault—the lane we followed ending abruptly in an open space strewn with rubble—heaps, a broad area where the French had lately been at work. Among these heaps he blundered for a while in the darkness, and then, retracing his steps, took up the scent again and led us down one narrow street, across another; turned to the right, counting the houses as he went, and knocked at the twelfth door without hesitation. The knock was a peculiar one—five quick taps, followed, after a pause, by one distinct and heavy.

"But I must ask these gentlemen to do what remains," said he, turning and addressing our companions. "Luisa has doubtless changed the password since my time."

"Willingly, Señor Fuentes," agreed de Ribalta. "You will not, of course, object to be blindfolded?—a formality, merely, in your case."

The porter, having received the password in a whisper through the grille, unbolted to us, and opened the door upon a pitch-dark passage. Here we submitted to have our eyes bandaged, and Sebastian Paz took my hand to guide me. Eight flights of stairs we mounted before the hubbub of many voices and the tinkle of a guitar saluted my ears; two more, and the hubbub grew louder; another, and it grew obstreperous, deafening. At the head of the twelfth flight one of our guides rapped on a door; the noise died down suddenly; a bolt was shot back and the bandage dragged from my eyes.

I found myself blinking and staring across a room filled with tobacco-smoke, and upon a company which at first glance I took for a crew of demons. They were, in fact, a students' chorus—young men in black, with black silk masks covering the upper half of their faces. All wore the same uniform—black tunic, short black cloak, knee-breeches, and stockings. Some squatted on the floor, two lolled on a divan by the window—each with a guitar across his knees. The man who had opened to us held a tambourine, and he alone wore a little round cap. The others wore black cocked hats, or had flung them off for better ease. In a deep armchair beside the fireplace sat a stiff-backed, middle-aged woman in black—a duenna evidently—who regarded us with eyes like large black beads, but did not interrupt her knitting. In the corner behind the door stood a bed, with a crucifix above it: and on the bed, between two crates, the one of them heaped with flowers, sat a young woman dangling a pretty pair of feet and smoking a cigarette while she made up a posy.

In spite of their masks one could tell that all the men were young—mere lads, indeed. And if this were Luisa, Fuentes had slandered her sorely. She seemed scarcely eighteen—and we had taken her, too, at unawares, when a woman forgets for a moment her endless vigilant parry against Time. She tossed her posy into the half-filled basket, clapped her hands, and sprang off the bed.

"Two new recruits! Bravo, Sebastianillo!"

With that, as she stepped gaily forward, her eyes fell on Fuentes, and she swayed and fell back a pace, catching at the foot of the bed.

"Don Eugenio!"

"Your servant, Señorita." He bowed elaborately and coldly. "You keep the lamp burning, and I accepted its invitation. Your cheeks, too, Señorita, keep the old colour. I congratulate you—and you, Doña Isabel." He bowed to the old lady. "To live with youth—that is the way to live always young."

She had moved forward again, as if to take him by both hands: but faltered. "Yes, we have kept the

lamp burning, Don Eugenio," she answered with a voice curiously strained. "My friends"—she turned to the young men—"rise and salute our guest of guests, Don Eugenio Fuentes!"

"Fuentes!"

"What are you telling us, Luisa? The Fuentes? But it is impossible!"

"Impossible! Fuentes comes no more to Salamanca." Nevertheless all had sprung to their feet, and Fuentes comprehended them all in an ironical bow.

"That is the name by which I call myself, Sirs, since leaving the University."

Luisa made a dumb signal, and one of the youths handed him a guitar. He struck but one chord to assure himself of its tune—

"There's one that lives in Salamanca

All up a dozen flights of stairs;

There with the sparrows, night and morning,

Under the roof she chirps her prayers.

They say her wisdom comes from heaven—

Will you not take a guitar, Señorita, and help me with the old song?

So near the clouds and chimneys meet—

I rather think Luisa's sparrows

Fetch it aloft there from the street!"

Above all things women suspect and fear irony: it is not one of their weapons. Luisa glanced at Fuentes

"And small blame to them," one of the young men answered.

"Small blame to them, I agree. And yet they must send news—this time to Lord Wellington, who knows better than to print it."

His eyes interrogated Luisa, who raised hers at length to meet them.

"That will not be easy," said she, with a pucker of her pretty forehead. "They are scared and afraid for their heads: nevertheless, Don Eugenio might bring back their confidence, if only we can bring him face to face with them." She seated herself on the bed's edge and mused awhile with her hands in her lap.

"You know where to find them?" asked Fuentes, addressing the company in general.

"Oh, yes, Señor—assuredly we know where to find them!" answered one or two.

"Then the whole thing is very simple. You must let me join your choir, gentlemen."

"Yes, yes, *that* is simple enough," put in Luisa impatiently: "the more so, as our chorus is popular not only in the taverns, but at the French officers' messes. But these spies of ours are slow and dull to a degree: I think sometimes it takes a quite special clumsiness to be a clerk of the arsenal or to swindle the country in the military stores. We can get you into communication with them, Don Eugenio: but how are they to pass their information to *you*? They are born bunglers, and the French begin to use their eyes." She pursed her lips for a moment. "Is your friend new to this work?" she asked, suddenly turning toward me a gaze of frank inspection.

Fuentes smiled. "You would not say so, Señorita, were I free to tell you his name."

"As for that," said I, "where Señor Don Eugenio entrusts his secret I may not hesitate to entrust mine. My name is Manuel MacNeill, Señorita, and I kiss your hands and am at your service."

Luisa rose and dropped me a very stately curtsy. "Happy were I, Don Manuel MacNeill, to welcome you, even if you did not solve our difficulty. You are clever at disguises, I have been told. Well, I have a disguise for you—though not, to be sure, a pleasant one."

"I take the downs with the ups," said I.

"Well, then, Don Diego here is an artist. He can paint you a bunch of grapes so that the birds come to peck at it: moreover, he has studied at the hospital. We must find you a suit of rags, Sir, and Don Diego shall paint you as full of sores as Lazarus."

"And after that?"

"After that you will go to the porch of the New Cathedral, to the shady side of it—look you how I study your comfort—facing on the Square of the Old College: and there you shall collect the alms of the charitable. Many things, I am told, find their way into a beggar's hat."

"Señorita," said Fuentes gravely, with a glance up at the lamp, "it was a good star that led us here to-night."

"The star, as you call it, has not failed in all these years," she answered, with a look of timid appeal which hardened to one of defiance.

"Nay," answered he coldly and lightly, "I never doubted it would—while there was oil to feed it."

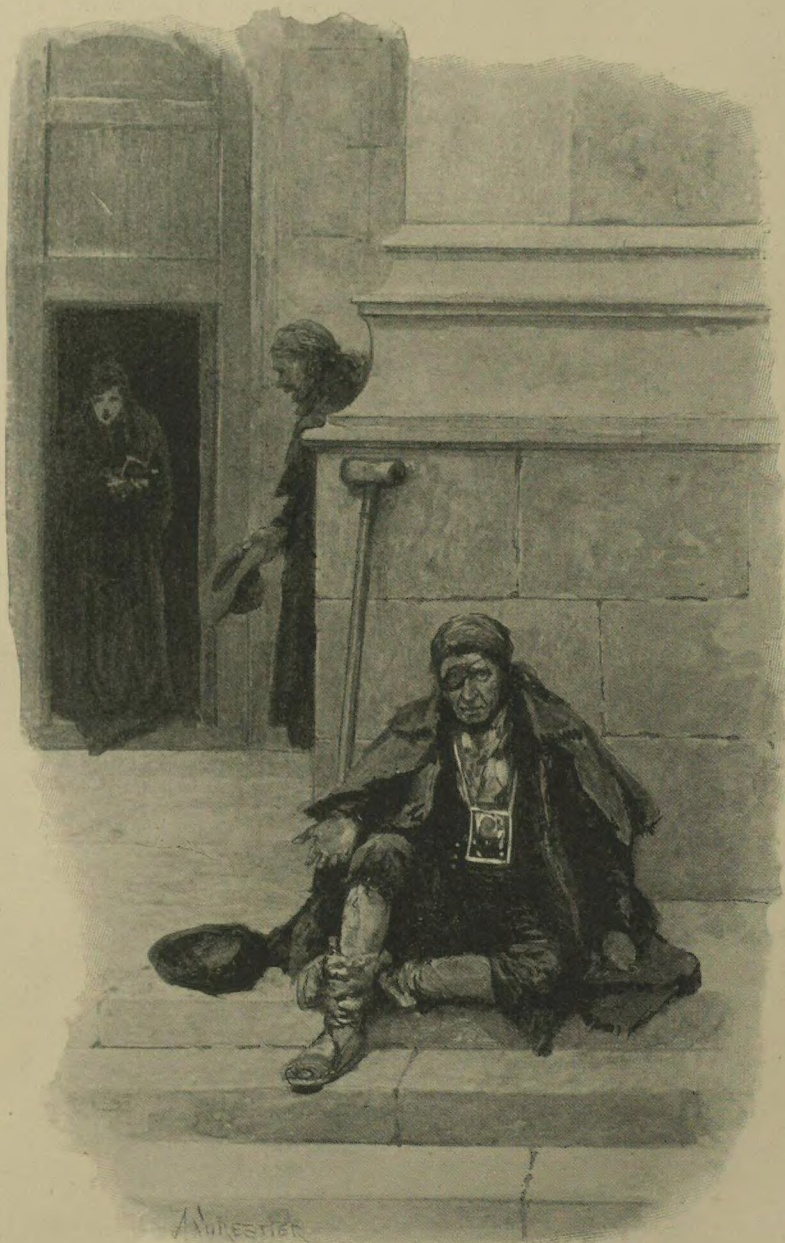
On the morrow, then, I took up my station by the porch of the Cathedral, with a highly artistic wound in my left leg, a shade over my right eye, and beside me a crutch and a ragged cap. The first day brought me coppers only: but late on the second afternoon a stout citizen, pausing on the steps and catching his breath asthmatically before entering the Cathedral, dropped a paper pellet in with his penny. On the third day it began to rain pellets, and I drank that night to the assured success of our campaign.

I saw nothing of Fuentes. It had been agreed between us that I should play my part in my own fashion, and I played it so thoroughly as to take lodgings in the beggars' quarter, in a thieves' den—it was little better—off the Street of the Rosary. It was enough for me that, however Fuentes went about the sowing, the harvest kept pouring in. As for the Street of the Virgins, I had been brought to it and had quitted it in the dark, and it is a question if by daylight I could have found it again. At any rate, I did not try.

But on the fourth day, at about five in the afternoon, as the day's heat began to grow tolerable, I caught sight of Luisa herself picking her way towards the Cathedral porch along the pavement under the façade of the University. Before entering the great doors she paused on the step beside me, bent to drop a coin into my cap, and whispered—

"When I come out, follow me"

She passed on into the Cathedral and did not reappear for a quarter of an hour, perhaps. In this time I had made up my mind that, whatever the risk of my obeying her, she had probably weighed it against some risk more urgent, and perhaps brought the message direct from Fuentes. So when she came forth, and after pausing a moment to readjust her mantilla, tripped down the steps and away to the left down the street leading to the Porta del Rio, I picked up my crutch, yawned, shook the coppers in my wallet, and hobbled after her at a decent distance.



I took up my station by the porch.

doubtfully, I could see, and with some pain in her doubt. But it was the old song, after all, and he was singing it *de bon cœur*. She caught up a guitar and chimed in with the second verse, taking up the soprano's part, while he at once obeyed and dropped from treble to alto—

Which will you have? In la Verdura

Pretty Luisa keeps a stall:

Hands you a rose for your peseta,

Nothing to pay for the thorn—that's all!

King of her love, with no Prime Minister,

Lord of an attic blithe I'd reign.

But *ay de mi!* from here to Finisterre

Pretty Luisa loves all Spain.

His eyes, as he sang, were fastened on young Sebastian Paz, and she, noting them, played the verse to its ringing close, turned abruptly, and laid the guitar on the bed between the flower-baskets.

"But I think it is business brings you here, Don Eugenio."

He had stepped to the open lattice, and with an upward glance at the lamp, burning steadily in the windless air, leaned on the sill and looked out over the city. Somewhere below by the waterside a dull noise sounded—the thud of a falling beam. The French down there were working by lantern-light, clearing away the houses from their fortifications.

"Yes, I come on business, and from Lord Wellington. The good citizens in Salamanca have ceased to write."

All the way I kept my eyes open and my ears too. In the streets around the Porta del Rio the city's traffic was beginning to flow again after the day's siesta: but I made pretty sure that we were not being tracked. Through half-a-dozen streets she led me, and so to one which I supposed to be the Street of the Virgins, and to a door which I recognised for that to which Fuentes had brought me four nights ago.

She had already knocked and been admitted: but the door opened again as I came abreast of it, and I stepped past the porter into the passage. Luisa stood halfway up the first flight of stairs under a sunny window and beckoned, and aloft I climbed after her to her attic. With her hand on the latch of her own door, she turned.

"You will find your clothes within," she said, and opened the door for me to pass. "Dress—dress with speed—and find Don Eugenio. Your work is done, and you must both be beyond the bridge before sunset."

"Is there treachery, Señorita?" I asked.

"There is treachery of a kind, but not of the kind you guess. It is important that Don Eugenio should be beyond the bridge to-night. Your beasts at the

masquerade." She gave me her hand. "Farewell, friend!" she said.

I found Don Eugenio behind the College of the Archbishop, seated on a mound and watching the French sappers at their work. I gave him Luisa's letter.

"The wench," said he calmly, having read it, "is a born conspirator. She cannot be happy unless she has a card hidden even from her fellow-plotters. Still, it is usually safe to follow her advice. Our work is pretty thoroughly done, I fancy?"

I nodded.

"We will see to our beasts then."

"She tells me they are ready saddled."

"Saints! She is in a hurry, that girl! Ah, well, then let us go and ask no questions."

We found our mare and mule, paid our reckoning, and rode forth from Salamanca. At the bridge-end we showed the passports, and were bidden to go in peace. As we climbed the hill beyond, I handed Fuentes Luisa's second letter.

"She bade me deliver it here," I explained.

He read it, turned in his saddle, and looked back towards the twilight sky. "A likely tale," said he, crushing the letter into his pocket.

window a lamp shone within a red shade, swaying a little in the draught.

"I give you welcome, Sirs," quavered the old lady in a voice that seemed to flicker, too, in the draught. "By the shouting I understood that the forts have fallen, and for some while I have been expecting you. . . . It is dull up here, and a poor welcome for young gentlemen since my darling died. But on such a night as this—"

She gazed around her, resting both hands on the arms of her chair.

"Luisa! Where is Luisa?" cried Fuentes sharply.

"They come very seldom now," pursued the old woman, not hearing or not comprehending. "It is dull, you understand. You, Sir, are Don Eugenio, are you not?" She nodded palsywise toward the white bed, where a broken guitar lay between two baskets of withered flowers.

"I was to tell you—" She broke off and lifted a hand half-way to her brow, but let it drop. "I was to tell you, if you came, that her letter was true, and always the lamp had been lit for you only. It burns still, you see. She loved you, my little one did; and she was good—always, though she laughed, she was good."

Fuentes stepped to the bed and took the guitar in



Watching the French sappers at their work.

Four Crowns are ready saddled. Find your friend, and help him to go with all speed."

"But where shall I find him, Señorita? I have not set eyes on him for three or four days."

"Yet he has done his work surely, has he not?"

"Far better than I could have hoped."

"You ask where he is to be found? But where else than by the Archbishop's College, near by where the French have pulled down his own College of San Lorenzo, and are destroying more? You men!" She broke out into sudden passionate contempt. "The past is all you have eyes for—the poor, wild, blundering past. You have no eyes for the present, and with the past you poison its living joy. We women cannot be always seventeen: yet because we are not, you kill us—you kill us, I say!" Then, while I stared at her in downright amaze, "Go, dress!" she cried, thrusting me into the room. "In your coat you will find two letters. That without address you will give to Don Eugenio when you find him: that which is marked with a cross you will hand to him when you shall have passed the bridge—on no account before. And now be quick, I beseech you: for this one room is all my house."

Almost she thrust me within, and closed the door gently upon me. When I emerged, in my right and proper clothes, it was to find her yet waiting there upon the landing.

"I thank you for your speed, Señor Don Manuel; for I, too, am in haste to change my dress; and my dress will require care to-night, since I go to a

Scarcely a year later—to be precise, on the 17th of June, 1812—the Allied forces crossed the fords above and below Salamanca, and invested the fortifications which still commanded the bridge. In the suburbs and outlying quarters the inhabitants lit up their houses and, cheering and weeping, thronged the streets to press the hands of the deliverers.

On the 27th the forts fell, and these scenes were renewed. I was passing through the Plaza Mayor that night, about eight o'clock, when a man plucked me by the sleeve, and, turning in the light of a bonfire, I confronted Fuentes. I had not seen him since our return to Lisbon: and his face, in the bonfire's glare, seemed to me to have aged woefully.

"The shells may have spared her house," said he. "Do you care to go with me, and see what remains of it?"

He linked his arm in mine. We dived into the dark streets together.

The Street of the Virgins had suffered from the Allies' artillery, and we picked our way over fallen chimney-stacks and heaps of rubble to the remembered door. It stood open, no porter guarding it: but a lamp smoked in the stairway, and by the light of it we mounted together.

On the topmost landing all was dark, but here within the half-open door a light shone. Fuentes tapped on the door and pressed it open. From a deep arm-chair beside the empty fireplace a woman rose to greet us. It was the duchess, Doña Isabel. Behind her in the open

his hands. Some blow had broken-in the sounding-board, and one of the strings had snapped.

"There is no blood upon it," went on the old woman in the same tone that seemed pitilessly striving not to hurt. "The little one scarcely bled at all. But Don Diego struck hard, and somehow the guitar was broken, yet it may have been with her elbow as she fell. It was not treachery, you understand. At first she believed that in his jealousy he meant to betray you, but he meant only to murder. And she, discovering this, dressed herself in your clothes and took your place in the line that night: I heard her playing down the stairs: they were all playing 'My love, she lives in Salamanca'—that was the tune—your own tune, Don Eugenio—and she, with her mask on, singing bravely, the third in the line. She was short, you remember—oh, perhaps a head and shoulders shorter than you!—but Don Diego, outside the door in the darkness, could not see well, or maybe he was misled by your guitar. And, afterwards, Don Sebastian ran him through. They brought her upstairs to me and laid her on the bed. She was breathing yet, but for a very little while: and I was to tell you—I was to tell you—" She broke off again, seeking to remember.

"Was it something about the lamp, Doña Isabel?"

"Yes, that was it—but I have told you already, eh? Only for you she had ever lit it: for years, yet always and only for you. . . ."

He crept past me, the guitar beneath his arm, and I followed. He went like a blind man, groping between the stair-rail and the wall.

THE END.

A POPULAR NOVEL ON THE STAGE: "THE GARDEN OF LIES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S NEW PRODUCTION.

The play is based upon Mr. Justus Miles Forman's novel of the same title. It is one of those stories, by no means uncommon nowadays, of an imaginary State, somewhere in Eastern Europe, villainy, intrigue, much love, and a little war. It describes the salvation of Denis Mallory, a modern soldier of fortune who has sunk into dissipation in Bohemian Paris.

THE ARREST OF OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ST. PETERSBURG: HIS MOST RECENT SKETCH.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ST. PETERSBURG.



"TO THEE ALL NATIONS CRY ALOUD": AN EVERYDAY SCENE IN THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF WAR.

Mr. Julius Price, our Special Artist, while sketching for us in St. Petersburg on September 2, was arrested by the police. He surrendered his notes, which the authorities forthwith destroyed and then released him. Of the above subject, sketched just before his arrest, Mr. Price writes:—"Nothing has impressed me more than the religious devotion of the people and the way they frequent the churches. This is particularly noticeable at the great Kazan Church and the Cathedral of St. Isaac, where groups of worshippers assemble at all hours of the day. Very often mourning indicates that the worshipper has been bereaved by the war, while others are praying to the God of Battles to protect those dear to them at the front. These little scenes in the dim light of the great Cathedral are full of human pathos."

FICTION, FACT, AND FANCY.

Captain Fortune. By H. B. Marriott-Watson. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Wrong Side Out. By W. Clark Russell. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
A Soldier and a Gentleman. By J. MacLaren Cobban. (London: John Long. 6s.)
The Truth about Morocco. By M. Aflalo. (London: John Lane. 7s. 6d.)
Hobbes. By the late Sir Leslie Stephen. English Men of Letters Series. (London: Macmillan. 2s. net.)
Russia of To-day. From the German of Baron E. von der Brüggen. By M. Sandwith. (London: Digby Long and Co. 6s.)
D'Ordel's Pantechnicon: The Manual Art of Compiling Illustrated Magazines. By Mark Sykes and Edmund Sanders. (London: Bickers. 1s.)

One cannot help feeling that Mr. Marriott-Watson might spend his time better than in sending young people on perilous rides during the Civil Wars. A period like the Restoration matches his pen better than the strife of Cavalier and Roundhead. His new story, however, is ingenious, and its writing lifts it above the multitude of novels woven of very similar materials. Captain Fortune, a soldier returned from Continental wars to find England ablaze for causes that do not much excite him, undertakes secret service for the Parliament in Cornwall. One of the pawns in the great game is a beautiful Cornish heiress, enthusiastic for the King, whose careful guardian looks chiefly to preserving her estates intact. Finding that the girl is to be brought to Court at Oxford in order to secure her family interest for the royal cause, the Captain determines to take charge of her, thereby keeping an ignorant child out of danger and preventing an accession of strength to the Cavaliers. It may be imagined that it is not easy for a soldier to guide a young lady through the mazes of the Civil War, passing in her eyes for a Royalist, compelled to avoid both armies lest Cavaliers who know him may spoil his game, or blundering Parliamentarians take him for what he pretends to the lady to be. Naturally he meets one or the other almost every day, fights and flies by turn, changes his mind, is unmasked, wins alike the girl's abhorrence and gratitude, and crowds with adventures the pages of a stirring book. His faithful servant is a good invention—one of the very few staunch followers with a real individuality in modern historical novels.

"When the sinking of the *Princess Royal* left him splashing inside a washstand, he was a man of integrity who had led a blameless life, who would as soon have thought of telling a lie as of lending a needy friend a spurious sovereign. . . . So bisected is the nervous system that a man will persevere on the right side when the left is perfectly dry. The shock of shipwreck had manifestly changed the nature of Mr. Redway. To call him a liar after he had been hewn clear of his washstand would be as absurd as to call a lunatic a liar because he talks of himself as the only son of the Pope." Thus Mr. Clark Russell of the mental state of his chief character, a variant of Mr. Bulfinch, transformed in mind instead of in body, the partially prosaic ocean disaster replacing the wholly romantic Garuda stone. When it is further stated that the unfortunate Mr. Redway not only exchanges the linguistic attributes of a George Washington for those of an Ananias of peculiarly fertile imagination, but, unconscious of the fact that he is a married man, weds an Australian widow who is fascinated by his stories of aristocratic friends and relations and his supposed descent from Charles I. through Charles II. and Nell Gwynne; that his first wife, convinced by apparently undeniable evidence of his death, gives her hand to a mutual friend; and that in the end Redway, most inconveniently, recovers his wandering wits—the trend of the story is sufficiently apparent. Much of it is unquestionably the literary food traditionally suited to the Marines, and it is over-long by reason of the inclusion of a good deal of comparatively irrelevant matter; but that it provides much mild fun is certain. Altogether, "Wrong Side Out" is well worth the reading, if only for its picture of the leisurely passage of the ocean some fifty years ago, and for its admirable studies of the sea in all her moods, sinister and smiling, in wrath and in peace.

Mr. MacLaren Cobban was a writer of unequal stories, but something of his best—and it was very good—shines out in the least weighty of them. It does, however fitfully, in "A Soldier and a Gentleman." The hero, designated in the title, is an ex-Corporal-Major of the Blues, who has had many adventures, most of them due to the fact that he bears a remarkable resemblance to a son of Sir William Dawlish who was an officer with Hicks Pasha's army and disappeared when Hicks was smashed up by the Mahdi. The ultimate fate of young Dawlish we are not going to disclose. At the instigation of his father, a bad egg if ever there was one, his place is taken by the ex-Hussar, George Ferrers, with complications that involve all the characters of the story, including the heroine, Dolly Dawlish, whom every reader will wish well. It cannot be said that the story thus lightly outlined is in any sense a great one. It is, on the contrary, almost frankly a sensational novel designed and written to occupy a regulation number of pages; and when this purpose is served the author disposes of his puppets with an apparent sense of relief. The rôle played by Lord Debreth, its probability apart, is not, we should think, altogether compatible with the fine sense of honour which the writer extols in the British officer. It would be possible to point out other faults in "A Soldier and a Gentleman." But the pen which indited it wrote better fiction, and contrives even here to show its ability to do good work.

Few men have served Morocco and its rulers better or more intelligently than Mr. Moses Aflalo, whose book "The Truth about Morocco" enjoys the double distinction of a letter of approval from Lord Rosebery and a preface by Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham. Now that echoes of the chorus of approval evoked by

the Anglo-French Convention are dying away, and people begin to regard Lord Lansdowne's masterpiece of diplomacy dispassionately, in the cold light of reason, the nature of the sacrifice to British interests in North-West Africa is suspected, and Mr. Aflalo's work drives suspicion home. The author knows the country intimately; he may claim to understand the mind of its rulers, the trend of its policy, the nature of its resources, the full extent of its commercial possibilities. Among the advisers of the Foreign Office none could speak with authority equal to Mr. Aflalo's. For ten years, Mr. Cunningham-Graham tells us in his preface, Mr. Aflalo was the English agent of the late Sultan, Mulai-el-Hassan, and as he speaks Arabic as easily as English, his facilities for noting and understanding the trend of Moorish thought were exceptional. No lover of Great Britain can read this book, knowing that it is written by a man absolutely above suspicion, one who enjoys the respect of all who know him, without a feeling of deep regret. For the story told so often, but never before with equal authority, comes too late; the danger that Lord Salisbury shunned Lord Lansdowne has dared, and the country of the Moors, with all its countless assets, has passed beyond our reach. "I hope and trust, but I hope and trust rather than believe, that the power which holds Gibraltar may never have cause to regret having handed Morocco over to a great military Power." So said Lord Rosebery at the Queen's Hall in June, and reading "The Truth about Morocco," one realises the solid grounds on which the fears of the ex-Secretary for Foreign Affairs are set.

Hobbes is not as familiar as he should be to all interested in the history of English thought: many know him only by De Quincey's excellent fooling in "Murder as a Fine Art," though others will recall his famous description of man's life in a state of nature as "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." But he was a very interesting figure in a pregnant period. Sometime tutor to Charles II. in his youthful exile, he made his peace with Cromwell, and after the Restoration lived under suspicion as the author of a book, the "Leviathan," which, while the ablest defence of absolute monarchy ever written, might be read as a justification of successful usurpation; as an "Atheist" (convenient label for an unorthodox thinker), and as a philosopher whom the leading men of science had convicted of blunders. Except for an early translation of Thucydides and a poetical version of part of the "Odyssey," written at the age of eighty-six, "because he had nothing else to do," he hardly trespassed into the sphere of pure letters. But he certainly deserves a place in the present series: his prose style is admirable. His metaphysics have only a historic interest, but his political speculation is of the first importance, if only for its influence, a century later, on Rousseau. In the life of such a man Sir Leslie Stephen is quite at his best: it would be impossible to guess it the work of a dying man. His examination of Hobbes' philosophy is penetrating, and though this part of the book is not light reading, the dry humour of his comments on the philosopher's life is delightful. Thus, "Hobbes had probably quite as much benevolence as is good for a metaphysician"; "Intellectual audacity combines awkwardly with personal timidity. The poor old gentleman, aged seventy-two, whose great aim was to keep out of harm's way, had stirred up an amazing mass of antipathies." "The Plague was doubtless a manifestation of Divine wrath, and to the question what had provoked it, the obvious answer was, Hobbes. . . . Hobbes and White" (another unorthodox writer) "were doubtless not the only offenders. The court was not perfectly pure." "Hobbes wrote an essay concerning heresy to prove that he could not be legally burnt." What man equally learned can write so well to-day?

Baron von der Brüggen may be congratulated on having produced a work which, while it undoubtedly paints the present condition of Russia in very sombre colours, is nevertheless free from exaggeration. The author, of course, betrays from the very first his want of sympathy with the people and their institutions, but he also shows a sound knowledge of their condition and history. His description of the finances of the country and his exposure of the juggleries of M. Witte are masterful and convincing; nor can his picture of the condition of the peasantry be said to be overdrawn. His logic and his facts are inexorable. He proves that Russia has no industries besides agriculture, and then shows how the peasant is being ruined. The hopelessness of the position is intensified by the superstructure of a corrupt bureaucracy which is gnawing the vitals of the nation. Baron von der Brüggen has a keen and true insight into the spirit that animates Russian national life, and his book is full of luminously suggestive sentences, such as the following, for instance: "If Russia keeps Manchuria in some form or other, and if her intercourse with China revives, a great Chinese immigration into Russia could only be checked by an armed force." That is, indeed, where the Yellow Peril lies. This otherwise excellent book is disfigured by a few minor inaccuracies which do not detract from its value as a whole. It has not been improved by translation.

With Major-General Promotheus D'Ordel's skit on the Drill Book we are already familiar, and now among the posthumous papers of the lamented soldier has been discovered a series of documents which show that he was not only a consummate tactician, but the greatest unrecognised master of modern cheap journalism. His "Pantechnicon, the Manual Art of Compiling Illustrated Magazines," brings us face to face with the naked realities of that astounding craft. After a learned and pointed disquisition on the making of the cheaper magazine, the author presents a working model of "Scragford's Farthing"—a parody so deft that it might be easily mistaken for an original. Type, make-up, egotistically inflated "puff" underlines—all the characteristics of the most deplorable expression of latter-day vulgarity—are hit off *ad unguem*.

LAST EPIGRAMS OF HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

There are reasons why ordinary detached criticism of the late Henry Seton Merriman's last novel is impossible to this Journal. It will be remembered that the story, "The Last Hope," was published in serial form in these pages during the earlier part of the year, and that circumstance alone postulates a favourable opinion of the work that is, unfortunately enough, the last we may hope for from this lamented writer. On the other hand, criticism has been to a great extent ruled out of court by the fact that the novelist had no opportunity of revising his proof-sheets, and although that work was undertaken by a reverent and skilful hand, it cannot be doubted that a story already brilliant would have gained infinitely had its creator been permitted to prune and polish. To review the book in the ordinary sense is not, therefore, our present purpose, and after a brief glance at the plot this notice will content itself with considering a few of the wonderfully shrewd observations on life and character which Merriman wrought into the texture of his writing with a skill possessed by few other English novelists, if by any. For these essays in little, Baconian in their compression, point, and freshness, never could be called digressions, so cogent are they to the person or the scene. For aphorism, epigram, and wise saws "The Last Hope" takes rank with the best of Mr. Scott's work.

The story is of a supposed survivor of the house of Bourbon, none other than the grandson of Louis XVI. The theory, fondly cherished by certain Royalists, that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple but was smuggled to England, is made the basis of the plot. In the remote village of Farlingford, on the Suffolk coast, Louis XVII. is supposed to have lived and died, leaving a son who went by the name of Loo Barebone, who at the opening of the narrative is the mate of a coasting schooner. Discovered by the Royalists, Barebone is taken to France, and for a time forms the centre of a plot to overthrow the Prince-President. He is, in fact, the last hope of the Legitimist party. With his fortunes are interwoven those of many finely drawn characters, and the book breathes that atmosphere of intrigue and high politics which made "The Sowers" the fascinating study it is. Such a story as that of this well-imagined pretender can have but one ending—history demands that—but while the tragedy is playing, we are persuaded of the reality of the man who might have been Louis XIX., and his circle of true and false friends.

But it is rather, as we have hinted, with Mr. Seton Merriman as chorus to his own drama that we are at present concerned. Very often, of course, the observation comes as the thought of characters in the piece. Thus the Marquis de Gemosac and Dormer Colville, the chief conspirators, discussing the typical Englishman from the point of view of the Frenchman and the Englishman—

"But," the Marquis exclaimed, "they are of a placidity, these English. There is nothing to be done with them, my friend, nothing to be done with such men as that. Now I understand how it is that they form a great nation. It is merely because they stand and let you thump them until you are tired, and then they proceed to do what they intended to do from the first."

"That is because we know that he who jumps about most actively will be the first to feel fatigue," laughed Colville pleasantly.

The last speaker then goes on to sum up the East Anglian character as "the concentrated essence of British tenacity and stolidity—the leaven that leavens the whole."

"Then it is our misfortune," continues the other speaker, "to have to deal with these concentrated English—that is all," and "the Marquis shrugged his shoulders with that light despair which is incomprehensible to any but men of Latin race."

On the English gentleman made and in the making we have this deliverance, leading to a pungent satire on the state of education (so called) in England at the present day. Parson Marvin, scholar and other-worldly person (who, by-the-by, was simple enough to address the Marquis de Gemosac in good British Latin, which, from the mode of its pronunciation, was entirely unintelligible to its hearer), Parson Marvin, in 1850, was of those who never anticipated that—

in the passage of one brief generation, social advancement should be for the ignorant rather than for the scholar; that it would be better for a man that his mind be stored with knowledge of the world than with the wisdom of the classics; that the successful grocer might find a kinder welcome in a palace than the scholar; that the manufacturer of kitchen utensils might feed with kings and speak to them, without aspirates, between the courses.

Parson Marvin knew none of these things, however; nor suspected that the advance of civilisation is not always progressive, but that she may take hands with vulgarity and dance down hill, as she does to-day.

The rector's scheme for his son was that he "should be sent to that school where field sports are cultivated to-day and English gentlemen turned upon the world more ignorant than any other gentlemen in the universe." And while his father thus pondered, young Sep Marvin, who knew by some instinct—the instinct, it is to be supposed, of young animals—that he was destined to be of a generation that should cultivate ignorance out of doors rather than learning by the fireside, threw aside his books and cried out that he could no longer breathe in his father's study.

Thus felicitous concerning the sons of England, the novelist is no less happy regarding the daughters of France. Of one he says, "Indeed she was a better man than her companion; of a stronger common-sense, with lither limbs and a stouter heart; the best man that France has latterly produced, and, so far as the student of racial degeneration may foretell, will ever produce again—her middle-class woman."

THE ANCIENT BRITONS' BLUE WAR-PAINT AND ITS USE FOR POLICEMEN'S UNIFORM:
THE PREPARATION OF WOAD IN THE FEN COUNTRY.



1. WOAD-BALLS, AFTER COMING FROM THE CRUSHING-MILL AT ALGARKIRK.
2. THE DRYING-SHEDS AT ALGARKIRK.

3. THE OLD HORSE-POWER CRUSHING-MILL AT PARSON DROVE, SEVEN MILES FROM WISBECH.
4. THE OLDEST WOAD-MILL IN THE COUNTRY AT PARSON DROVE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

5. GATHERING THE WOAD AT PARSON DROVE.
6. CASKS OF WOAD READY FOR TRANSPORT TO YORKSHIRE.
7. INTERIOR OF WOAD-MILL AT PARSON DROVE.

RIVAL COMMANDERS AT LIAO-YANG, AND THE GREAT OPERATIONS OF AUGUST 31 TO SEPTEMBER 3.

PORTRAITS BY H. W. KOENIGER; PLAN ADAPTED BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM A MAP LENT BY THE COURTESY OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."



THE COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE CENTRE:
GENERAL COUNT NODZU.

THE COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE LEFT:
GENERAL BARON OKU.

THE COMMANDER OF THE RUSSIAN FORCES AT LIAO-YANG:
GENERAL KURPATKIN.

MAP SHOWING THE JAPANESE ENVELOPMENT OF THE
RUSSIAN POSITIONS.

THE COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE RIGHT:
GENERAL BARON KUROKI.

THE JAPANESE GENERALISSIMO
MARSHAL THE MARQUIS OYAMA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MR. BALFOUR—A FURTHER CRITICISM.

My reflections last week on the address of the Prime Minister to the British Association I find have been re-echoed—independently, of course—by other critics. An influential journal, speaking of the British Association meeting, alleges that a vein of sadness ran through it all. Scientific aspiration received a check in the shape of the presidential address; therefore science was humbled and sad. Last week I attempted to show that Mr. Balfour's views were susceptible of a very large amount of modification, regarded from the plain standpoint of scientific criticism. To-day I propose to return to the subject of the limitations of science, for the reason that it behoves us to meet and combat any opinions which might have the effect, on the lay mind at least, of discounting the power of knowledge to advance and improve what Bacon called "man's estate."

We all recognise that there must exist a limitation to man's brain-power; it is a very different matter when anyone, however eminent, attempts to set bounds to the exercise of that power. That which one may fairly argue for is the possibility of human enterprise, by means of improved apparatus and scientific methods, conquering fields of research which are still unexplored. I have been perusing the sectional presidential addresses of the British Association with care. Nowhere do I discover a pessimistic note. I find plenty of criticism, an abundance of suggestion regarding new lines of thought and research, but I find no discouragement, and no words which support Mr. Balfour's idea of limitation of scientific efforts. To select a single example. We are unaware of the exact condition which represents the earth's interior. Our planet, it is said, may be solid all through, it may be fluid in its central mass, or it may be partly fluid and partly solid. Physicists and geologists have long been debating over this matter, and as yet no definite conclusion has been possible of formulation. But the difficulties do not daunt scientific research. There are countless side-ways whereby the solution of the problem may be arrived at. It is precisely these aids to investigation whereof Mr. Balfour took no account in his address, and led his hearers to believe that a very decided limitation to human research was capable of being declared possible.

We have been progressing vastly of late years in our knowledge of all departments of inquiry. Why should any man undertake, therefore, to discount our powers of further advance? Air was believed formerly to represent a mechanical mixture of oxygen and nitrogen gases with certain non-essential and extrinsic substances contained therein. Research proves the presence in air of sundry hitherto unknown elements, and this line of investigation in turn leads directly or indirectly to the discovery of radium itself. Suppose a President of the British Association had, ten years ago, predicted the limitation of powers of research, and had specified the atmosphere as the special subject of remark, how should we regard his utterances to-day? In one passage of his address Mr. Balfour exhibits a woeful lack of perception. There is no other term possible in this matter of criticism. "It is certain," he says, "that our powers of sense-perception and of calculation were fully developed ages before they were effectively employed in searching out the secrets of physical reality—for our discoveries in this field are the triumphs of yesterday." Does the Premier, who appears to admit the validity of natural selection as a vital power, not realise that brain-powers have to be evolved, as well as sense-perceptions? Nature is always a little bit ahead of her wants. This much natural selection implies. If the brain of a Red Indian in the matter of sense-perception a hundred years ago was keen to the highest degree in tracking his foes, why cannot Mr. Balfour see that it is here a question, first of race, and second of education directing the brain-work into certain channels?

Brain and sense have to be educated like other parts of our organisation. Science has not had such a long record as, say, the art of war, and men were skilled fighters long before they were trained scientists. Are we then to conclude that there was a ready-made scientific type of brain long before there was a need for its exercise? The first estimate is that man's cerebral powers have developed in accord with their environment, and that brain-power has depended largely on its surroundings for the results it has been able to attain in the world. Bishop Berkeley formulated, as we all know, a special system of philosophy which tended to the belief that the external world was exactly what each brain made of it. This is no doubt true in essence, but then there is a court of appeal to the common and collective senses of individuals. Even Berkeley does not regard the sensations derived from the outer world as representing what, in Mr. Balfour's own words, are called "irrational conditions." Why "irrational," and why can science know "no others"?

"The more imposing seems the scheme of what we know, the more difficult it is to discover by what ultimate criteria we know it." These are almost Mr. Balfour's closing words. I shall answer him that we know things because we have brain-cells, whose work it is to unravel and determine the nature of the messages which our senses convey to them. Too much metaphysics proverbially tends to "make a man mad," as an old writer puts it. Plainly speaking, we have had an overdose of metaphysics in the British Association address. It is a discourse full of subtlety and full of inconsistency, with a big leavening of pessimism working through the whole. It would be well if Mr. Balfour, descending from the heights of his philosophy, asked himself the question, "If all things are therefore imperfect and unreal, how is it I am enabled to deliver my discourse?"

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A W DANIEL.—It is difficult for us, out of the many positions submitted, to publish problems at any particular date after their receipt, and we should be glad in future if you would withdraw any that may be published elsewhere.

H M P.—Thanks for your letter, to which, for obvious reasons, we can make no further reference here.

MARTIN F, REGINALD GORDON, AND OTHERS.—We have had an explanation from the composer, with which this matter may be allowed to terminate.

P H WILLIAMS.—We have only recently got into trouble with a similar case, and feel we must do something to keep our rule when an infringement of it is within our knowledge. An original problem will, of course, always be acceptable.

P DAILY.—I. Q to Q 3rd is another way of solving your last contribution.

F S S (Coventry).—Your problem, we fear, is defective. 1. Q takes Q, P to B 3rd; 2. Q to B 4th, and Q or R mates next move. If Black play 1. Kt. moves, then 2. Kt to Q 6th (ch), etc.

A L PINO (Madras).—Quite sound, but rather too easy for publication.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3115 received from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3116 from A G (Pancsova) and Frank William Atchinson (Lincoln); of No. 3117 from T W W (Bootham), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Miles Taylor (Dunstable), A G (Pancsova), F Oppenheim, G C B, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Frank William Atchinson, F Ede (Canterbury), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

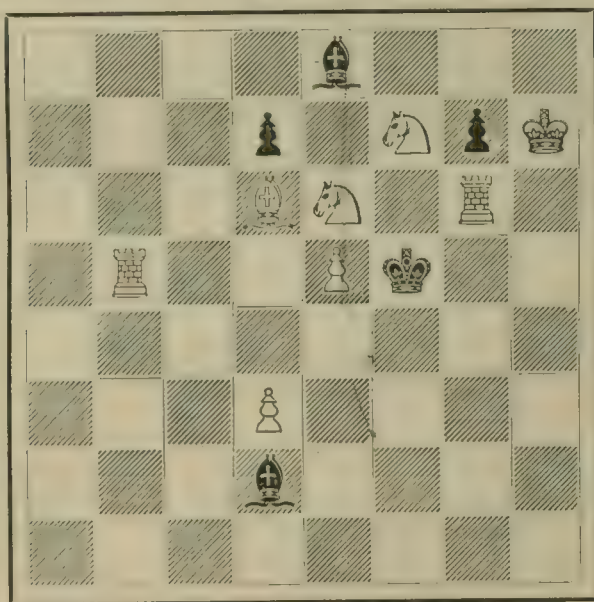
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3118 received from C. E. Perugini, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), H Maxwell Priddleaux, Clement C Danby, T W W (Bootham), J A Hancock (Bristol), T Roberts, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Shadforth, Corporal T Laxton (Chelms), H S Brandreth (Zurich), R Worters (Canterbury), F Henderson (Leeds), Fire Plug, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Alpha, Charles Burnett, E J Winter-Wood, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Café Glacier (Marseilles), J D Tucker (Ikley), Sorrento, A Finney (Liverpool), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F Oppenheim, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J D (Brighton), and E G Rodway (Trowbridge).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3147. By F. HRALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to R 4th K moves
2. B to K 4th K moves
3. R mates.

PROBLEM No. 3150.—By J. DALLIN PAUL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HASTINGS.

Game played in the Championship Tournament between Messrs. McDONALD and NAPIER.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. McD.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)	WHITE (Mr. McD.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	17. Q R to K Kt sq	Q to Q 2nd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. P to B 5th	K R to K Kt sq
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	19. Kt to K B 3rd	
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
5. Kt takes P	B to Kt 2nd		
6. B to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
7. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd		
8. P to B 3rd	B to Q 2nd		
9. B to K 2nd	Q to B sq		

Black's object here is not easy to fathom. Presumably he is playing a waiting game, but White's forces are now fearfully massed on the King's wing.

10. Castles Q R Castles
11. P to K Kt 4th K R to Q sq
12. P to K R 4th

White goes at once for the King, who, to say the least of it, is on the worst place possible at so early a stage in the game.

12. P takes P P to K R 4th
13. Kt to Q 5th Kt takes P
14. P to K B 4th K to R 2nd
15. B takes B B to Kt 5th
16. B takes B Q takes B

17. Kt takes Kt
18. B to Q 4th Q to Kt 4th
19. R takes R Kt takes R
20. Q to Kt 5th Q to R 5th

21. White wins.

22. Kt takes Kt
23. Q to K 6th (ch) K to R sq
24. Kt takes R R takes Kt
25. R to B sq R to B 3rd
26. Kt to B 7th (ch) K to Kt 2nd
27. Kt takes B

The policy of exchanging pieces, combined with the exposed position of Black's King, must end in victory. Black recognised this by resigning after the adjournment.

27. Kt takes Kt
28. B to Q 4th Q to Kt 4th
29. R takes R Kt takes R
30. Q to Kt 5th Q to R 5th

31. White wins.

32. Kt takes Kt
33. Q to K 6th (ch) K to R sq
34. Kt takes R R takes Kt
35. R to B sq R to B 3rd
36. Kt to B 7th (ch) K to Kt 2nd
37. Kt takes B

Black was perhaps a little fortunate to win, but there is no disputing the skill with which he finally won this hard-fought game.

38. B to Q 4th Q to Kt 4th
39. R takes R Kt takes R
40. Q to Kt 5th Q to R 5th

41. White wins.

42. Kt takes Kt
43. Q to K 6th (ch) K to R sq
44. Kt takes R R takes Kt
45. R to B sq R to B 3rd
46. Kt to B 7th (ch) K to Kt 2nd
47. Kt takes B

Black was perhaps a little fortunate to win, but there is no disputing the skill with which he finally won this hard-fought game.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the National Tournament between Messrs. TEICHMANN and SHOOSMITH.

(Four Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. O R to Q sq	Kt to B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. K R to K sq	K R to K sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. Q to R 5th	Q to Kt 4th
4. P to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd	23. P takes P	Q to Kt 2nd
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	24. B to B sq	P takes P
6. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 3rd	25. Q to B 3rd	R to K 3rd
7. B to K 3rd	P to R 3rd	26. P to B 3rd	
8. P to Q R 4th	Kt to Q 2nd		
9. Kt to Q 5th	P takes P		
10. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd		

The opening is an admittedly dull one, and gives little chance for anything but the sound judgment in the disposition of forces which Black here displays.

11. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt takes Kt
12. Q takes Kt Castles
13. Castles Kt to K sq
14. Kt to Q 5th Kt to K 3rd
15. Kt takes B (ch) O takes Kt
16. B to Q 3rd P to Q B 4th

Taking prompt advantage of White's last move, which so completely blocks the retreat of his Queen. The strength of the Pawn's advance is remarkable.

17. O to B 3rd P to B 5th
18. B to K 2nd P to Q 4th
19. P takes P B takes P

20. O R to Q sq Kt to B 3rd
21. K R to K sq K R to K sq
22. Q to R 5th Q to Kt 4th
23. P takes P Q to Kt 2nd
24. B to B sq P takes P
25. Q to B 3rd R to K 3rd
26. P to B 3rd

Here White missed his opportunity to turn the tables on his opponent. B takes R P not only gives him the attack, but in whatever way it is met, seems good enough to win.

27. B to B 3rd B to B 3rd
28. B to R 2nd Kt to Q 4th
29. O to Q 2nd R to Kt 3rd
30. R to K 5th Kt to Kt 5th
31. Q takes Kt B takes P
32. R takes P Q to B 2nd
33. R to Kt 7th Q to K 4th
34. B takes P R to B 3rd
35. B to Q 3rd B takes P
36. B to B sq Q to B 4th
37. Q to K sq R to R 8th

Black was perhaps a little fortunate to win, but there is no disputing the skill with which he finally won this hard-fought game.

Black was perhaps a little fortunate to win, but there is no disputing the skill with which he finally won this hard-fought game.

IN FAME'S BY-PATHS.

VII.—ROBERT FLUDD.

To an age which has produced converts by thousands to Christian Science the works and personality of Robert Fludd the mystic should be subjects of reviving interest: perhaps, indeed, the extraordinary prices his wares fetch in the modern book-mart may be taken as some indication that they already are. Till lately, however, as the world grew from credulous to sceptical, he seemed to have passed through stages of veneration and contempt into oblivion.

None of these attitudes were truly deserved, oblivion not at all; for, whether visionary or genius, he was a really remarkable man. Fuller, into whose phrases one always gladly slips, talks of him as—

"A deep Philosopher and great Physician, who at last fixed his habitation in Fanchurch Street, London. He was of the Order of the Rosa Crucians, and I must confess my self ignorant of the first Founder and Sanctions thereof; perchance none know it but those that are of it. Sure, I am that a Rose is the fairest of Flowers, and a Cross accounted the fairest of forms or figures, so that much of eminency must be imported in their composition."

We are little wiser, but a great deal more sceptical than the author of the "Worthies." To the modern view the Rosicrucians formed a secret society which, though many persons had an idea that they belonged to it, never really existed. The German book known as the "Fama Fraternitatis," which set forth its foundation by Christian Rosenkreuz, and its tenets, is now regarded as a curious joke on the part of one Johann Andreas. If it was a joke, Fludd, Picus of Mirandola, and scores of persons with a reputation for philosophy failed to see it, and were grave in its defence. Even to this day the prettiness of the name and the mystery surrounding it have proved to be eminently serviceable to the charlatan and magnetically attractive to the curious and the credulous.

"His Books," continues Fuller, "written in Latine, are great many and mystical. The last some impute to his Charity, clouding his high matter with dark language lest otherwise the luster thereof should dazzle the understanding of the Reader. The same phrases he used to his Patients; and seeing conceit is very contributive to the well working of Physick, their fancy or faith natural was much advanced by his elevated expressions. His works are for the English to sleight or admire, for French and Forraigners to understand and use."

To outline Fludd's philosophy with any clearness would from the nature and number of his inspirations be quite impossible. Joined with Rosicrucian influence were the doctrines of the Kaballah, the Jewish Theosophy, the ideas of Paracelsus, mystical and medical, and the Mosaic principles of the fervid Jacob Böhm, the German shoemaker, who found in the words of Scripture the source of all modern science. Simplicity, not to say intelligibility, is not the watchword of any of these systems, and a view of the commixture of all of them produces little result except a certain wonder that any human mind should have attempted such a task. Perhaps the central idea that predominates is of man as a representative or miniature of the universe, with an elaborate analogy between what is styled the microcosm and the macrocosm. Then there is the theory of light as the grand active principle of existence and the creator of all things—in fact, as God. There appear also two universal principles—the northern or condensing, and the southern or rarefying power; also four elemental spirits corresponding to fire, air, earth, and water. It must not be forgotten in putting a value upon these ideas and upon the mind which trafficked in them, that the Kaballah, their principal source, had been a very living and moving influence. The exactness of the numeration, division, and subdivision employed, as the ten Sephiroth, the emanations of the One, the four worlds, the seven hells, the ten potencies of the soul, and the seemingly inspired language of the Zohar, its code, gave, in those more imaginative days, a form and substance to its nebulous doctrines, while the religious origin claimed for it and its recognition by Pope Sixtus afforded it a sanctity which made cold criticism irreverent. It is not difficult to see the attractions the study of its mystic theories must have had for the curious and inquiring mind of Fludd; while the expansion and amplification of its ideas would present itself as a gracious task for one with his command of a kind of language "grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import."

Our philosopher is scarcely the man we should employ as the family physician, yet Fludd seems to have enjoyed a considerable practice, in spite of early difficulties. The College of Physicians twice examined him, and on the second occasion came to the rather curious conclusion that though he had not satisfied the examiners, he was qualified to practise medicine. Soon after he fell under suspicion of having committed the heinous fault of expressing contempt of the Galenic system, in imitation of his master. Paracelsus is said to have paid for his attack on the vested interest of the druggists and apothecaries with his life: at least, the story goes that his rivals set on him in the dark and did for him, though it was put about that he had fallen after an evening's debauch. Fludd was more lucky. The druggists, like the Ephesian silversmiths, made their tumult, and he was summoned before the Censors; but the charge, in the absence of accusers, failed, and the suspect was let off with a caution. But to be philosopher and physician was not enough, and he applied himself to mechanical invention. If we believe himself, he constructed a wooden bull that bellowed, an automatic dragon, and a self-performing lye—rivals, these, to Vaccausson's duck, which ate and digested its food; and others credit him with a more useful, if a more prosaic, discovery in the barometer. This mechanical ability of his and his success in his profession seem incompatible with the general view that he was a mere fantastic visionary; and it may be noted that in his day he was considered worthy of an answer by the learned Gassendi. It may be that something of his significance is lost to the majority of us who are still thoroughly out of tune with mysticism.

H. T. WHITAKER.



DEATH IN THE WIRE: A HECATOMB OF JAPANESE TROOPS CAUGHT IN A BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENT UNDER THE GUNS OF A PORT ARTHUR FORT.
DRAWN BY FORTUNINO MATANIA.



THE CAMERA AS WAR ARTIST: THE ACTUALITY OF AN ALARM AT A RUSSIAN ADVANCED POST IN MANCHURIA.

PHOTOGRAPH (FACSIMILE ENLARGEMENT) BY A CORRESPONDENT.

During the South African War the camera was first used with any effect in the field, and the practice obtained in that campaign has now borne fruit in Manchuria, where many correspondents, notably those of "Collier's Weekly," have achieved photographic results as striking as those of the war artist.



THE MOLE IN THE NIGHT: THE STEALTHY JAPANESE SAPPER THROWING UP EARTHWORKS BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE NEW BISHOPRIC FOR SOUTH LONDON: ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK, NOW A CATHEDRAL.

Drawings by A. HUGH FISHER.



1. THE EXTERIOR.

2. THE SOUTH PORCH.

3. THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

4. ROMAN TESSERÆ IN THE FLOOR OF THE CHOIR.

5. REMAINS OF THE SAXON APSE.

6. THE NORMAN DOORWAY AND HOLY-WATER STOUP.

7. EARLY ENGLISH WALL ARCADING.

8. THE TOMB OF THE PORT GOWER.

9. EFFIGY OF A CRUSADER.

10. ARMS OF CARDINAL HENRY BEAUFORT, WHO RESTORED THE TWO TRANSEPTS WITH GOWER'S MONEY AND HIS OWN, 1410-1420.

11. THE REQUIED GRAVES OF TWO DRAMATISTS AND A KINSMAN OF SHAKESPEARE. ACCORDING TO THE CHURCH REGISTER THE GRAVES ARE THOSE OF PHILIP MASSINGER, "DIED AS A STRANGER"; JOHN FLETCHER, "A MAN IN YE CHURCH"; AND EDMOND SHAKESPEARE, YOUNGER BROTHER OF WILLIAM, "BURIED WITH THE FORENOON KNELL OF THE GREAT BELL."

12. OLD OAK BOSSSES—THE MAN WITH THE SCORNEFUL TONGUE; SATAN SWALLOWING JUDAS ISCARIOT; REBUS OF HENRY DE BURTON; ARMS OF THE PRIORY.

LADIES' PAGE.

It is an interesting proof of how thoroughly Sandringham became the true home of its royal owners and builders that even now, when they have all the royal palaces for their residences, they clearly prefer the one that was their own creation. The present house at Sandringham was built by the King, as an inscription over the front entrance records, the Queen being very gracefully included in the statement: "This house was built by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, his wife." To great personages there is a special charm about the erection and preparation of a personal home, as we are told by Queen Victoria in her own account of the building of Osborne and Balmoral—"all our own creation, and free from the interference of Departments of Woods and Forests." Sandringham is an ideal residence, in every respect up to the standard of present day comfort and elegance. The kennels, which the Queen delights to visit every day, armed with a basket full of diverse dainties according to the various tastes of the many inhabitants; the pretty lake in front of the house; the Royal dairy, spotless, with washable tiles for walls, and every appliance for



A TEA-GOWN IN VELVET AND LACE.

An artistic indoor robe in dark velvet, trimmed with insertion in bolero fashion.

actual utilitarian service, but also provided with the means of serving tea to the royal mistress and her guests; the Queen's own apartments, in which she has gathered together so many articles that serve for remembrance of her children and of absent friends, including chairs and cupboards carved by Princess Victoria and needlework by Princess Maud—everything combines to give that feeling of a "home" that may be absent, perchance, from the grander palaces which have belonged to former Sovereigns and which are arranged rather for state than for comfort.

Several great titles have attached to them so many abodes that it seems to other people as though there can be no real sense of home anywhere, so short must be the occupation of each place. The Dukes of Westminster, Devonshire, and Sutherland, for instance, are the possessors of four, five, or six houses each, all fine "places." Then there is the Duke of Portland, who has recently purchased another Scotch estate, which will be the sixth private house, I believe, at his Grace's disposal. Some of the numerous residences of a great noble are brought to the title by the marriage of the heiress of another house; this accounts for more than one of the Duke of Sutherland's residences. Others are the result of the formation of a home by some member of the family who bequeaths the place to the head of the house. This origin applies to the pretty place in Devonshire, Endsleigh, where the Duke and Duchess of Bedford have been staying lately, which was the delightful hobby of its founder, a Duchess of Bedford at the early part of the last century. Probably the owner of one really nice house and estate built up by himself, formed and arranged to suit in all respects his personal tastes, gets most real satisfaction.

There is in the *Lady's Pictorial* of Aug. 27 a striking portrait of "Elizabeth St. Leger, the first and only lady Freemason." This interesting portrait should, however, have been labelled underneath, as it is headed, "the only English lady Freemason"; for in both France and America there are now any number of women's Freemasons' lodges. For the matter of that, there are some lodges for women in England—more by token, I have been asked to join one, but the notion lacked fascinations. The English women's lodges, however, are in connection only with the French Grand Lodge; the English Masonic hierarchy will have none of them as yet.

The French Grand Lodge, having abolished all mention of "the Grand Architect of the Universe" from its rites, is not on speaking terms, so I am told, with the other nations; a bitter animosity exists between the French Freemasons and the Catholic priesthood; so that the French recognition of the women's lodges is only of a piece with their heterodoxy at large. The first woman Freemason in France was the late Maria Desraimes; she was asked to receive initiation by some Masons of advanced views, and on her consent, a special lodge was formed, consisting only of Master Masons, to receive her. The understanding was that she was to initiate other women, and she did so; whence the French women's lodges. Whether Elizabeth St. Leger was really initiated by the English Freemasons is so far uncertain that there is no official record of the fact; but her *Lady's Pictorial* portrait, which is copied from a contemporary print, shows her with Masonic emblems, and she is known to have taken part in all processions and assemblies of the craft around her residence in Cork. The story of her initiation is that she concealed herself in a room in the Castle of her father, Lord Doneraile, and secretly witnessed all the ceremonial of a lodge; that being discovered, she was in danger of being slain and buried at a place where three (or is it seven, please?) cross-roads meet; but the gentler spirits interceded, and at last she was pardoned on condition of her accepting initiation, which included taking an oath of secrecy as to all that she had witnessed. She afterwards married Mr. Richard Aldworth, M.P., one of the men who had interceded for her life on the great occasion, and lived to a ripe old age.

At the recent meeting of the British Association an account was given of some six hundred scientific experiments on food and nutrition, the aim of which was to ascertain how close the relation is between the food taken and the power gained to perform work. The speaker, Dr. Atwater, in his summing-up, stated that "the American workman does more work than his European competitor because he is better fed. Low nutrition, a low plane of intellectual life, and low wages, all go together." This is good doctrine to preach to women. They do not yet understand it, and often try to work on inadequate food; hence their plane of intellectual life is low; and so they deserve only poor wages. It is a vicious circle, from which the intelligent woman worker ought to try to free herself by taking care to get properly fed. As to the lower classes, poor things, owing to the very small average wage of industrial female workers, they cannot help themselves; they cannot begin to get proper food; and employers will not open their eyes to the fact that for more adequate wages they would be justified in expecting to get better labourers. But girl students, clerks, and all women who have to expend a limited amount of money on their own life requirements, should lay to heart the important truth that observation might have already pointed out, but that definite experiment has now made certain—"Low nutrition, low wages, and a low intellectual standard, all go together."

Waterproofs are again the most pressing question in the world of dress, alas! There has been wonderful improvement in regard to this necessary garment of late years. The ungainly wrap, stiff, projecting at impossible places, shapeless and ill-odoured, need not now be worn. A new and delightful silken-faced fabric makes the smartest of waterproof coats and cloaks, and it can be had in many colours. A silvery sheen on the surface gives attractiveness to the white, navy, maroon, or olive green tones. Coats are more frequently shown in the shops than capes, but certainly a cape or cloak is the more useful garment, as it can be thrown over the underdress and the coat in ordinary wear, when the weather is cold; while the waterproof covering to the dress alone suffices in warmer weather. Some of the new smart waterproofs are therefore wisely offered in the form of large circular cloaks, and others in the more up-to-date and desirable shape familiar to everybody as the Inverness. The wing-sleeves of the last-named form of cloak with the wide opening that they cover are most convenient for these overall wraps, and the shapes much in fashion for ordinary cloaks in tweed and cloth, so that it looks quite correct for a waterproof.

Short skirts are to be quite fashionable for autumn; but, unluckily, they are, so we are told, to be made exceedingly full also. There is certainly far less inconvenience involved in a long skirt when it is narrow, or in a full one that is short, than is the case when both difficulties are combined. But at its best a very full dress is difficult to manage; and if this fashion is permitted to become rampant, the crinoline is, beyond all hope of escape, the next step that we must take. The whalebone or steel cirlet that holds the mass of superfluous material out from the feet comes presently as a relief and aid. Already underskirts stiffened and held out with whalebone, or wire, or with a flounce of crinoline material, are being offered. If we are not to return to the absurdities that Leech satirised, therefore, we must be wise in time, and decline to adopt the excessively full and wide short skirts that the modistes who govern fashion mean to endeavour to impose on us. Apart from this swirling skirt, the wintry

fashions promise to be very trim by comparison with the flopping and drooping ones of the immediate past. Newmarket and other long-basqued coats to fit the figure are ousting the loose-fronted, pouched, and short bolero cut-away coats of last and earlier years' clothes.

Shepherd's-plaid, in the tiniest of black-and-white checks, is to have a lease of popularity. It is very neat, and makes up in good style when cut on the cross. A short basque is most *chic* with one of these frocks, as the necessary pleatings or gaugings at the hips to give the skirt the required fullness break up the check sufficiently without further deranging the line of the skirt by the interposition of a long basque to the coat. A touch of colour is necessary to give the whole smartness. A line of a delicate colour can appear all round the coat, for instance; or revers from the waist to the collar may be of the relieving tint. Rose pink face-cloth was effectively used as a narrow rim all around the short basque, with its postillion tails; and then the pink-faced revers were crossed over at the waist in front, and separated at the bust to pass into a collar and show a white linen "dickey" and stand-up linen collar, surrounded by a rose-pink satin stock. A pale-blue vest (attached to the coat) gave the needful touch of colour in another shepherd's-plaid costume; and again, a short-basqued coat had a line of black cloth stitched on all round it, and above that—inside it, I mean—came a folded edge of watercross-green corded silk, with collar and short revers of green to match. This black-and-white check is quite an early autumn material. For a few weeks later we are being shown all sorts of most attractive designs in woollen materials, plaids of a subdued and hardly perceptible colouring in particular. A great success is made with a heather mixture tweed that hails from Bradford, the exact tints of the dying heather being reproduced with very artistic and pleasing effect. The popular heliotrope and deeper purple tints in plain face-cloth combine excellently—say as collar, revers, vest, and deep cuffs—with this heather mixture tweed. For utility, it is wise to have the coat beautifully lined, so that it can be carried over the arm on warm days.

It is pleasant to learn by practical proof that our English designers and manufacturers can hold their own in artistic production, even in those departments of business in which our French friends are themselves



GRACEFUL DESIGN FOR AN AUTUMN GOWN.

This is built in a dark face-cloth and trimmed with velvet. There is a white vest decorated with buttons and braid, and the cuffs are frilled with lace. On the skirt is a line of velvet.

most advanced. An establishment of that enterprising and first-class firm of silversmiths and jewellers, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, is to be opened in October, at 23, Boulevard des Capucines, Paris. This is the result of their successful record in winning favour amongst the wealthy classes abroad, as Messrs. Mappin and Webb have had for years an establishment at Nice in the Place Jardin Public, and also during the season at Aix-les-Bains, and their rapidly increasing Continental clientèle has rendered it imperative for them to establish a permanent Continental headquarters in Paris.

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ART NOTES.

The connoisseur who has given the Rodin statue to the Permanent Art Gallery now in course of promotion in Dublin is Mr. George Wyndham. Lady Colin Campbell has promised a Troyon sketch; and other benefactors, who similarly boast Irish blood in their veins, are like to follow these generous pioneers.

The National Gallery seems likely to be the next fighting-ground chosen by the experts and critics who have done such good service to the public in the matter of the Chantrey Bequest; and once more it is Sir Edward Poynter, the dualist, who will have to bear the brunt of the friendly attack. He will, we are sure, appreciate patriotism even when, as in these cases, it finds expression in criticism of his own acts. One question is certain to be asked in view of the hanging of Millais's portrait of Sir Henry Thompson in Trafalgar Square. Other works of that period have been removed to the Tate Gallery, and among the rest Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix," which—English people apart—every visitor from foreign lands desires to see. At the time of that removal Millais's portrait of Gladstone was retained; and in that case the exceptional subject may account for a signally exceptional treatment. But now that the portrait of Sir Henry Thompson is hung in the same room, with more margin of wall-space than is allowed to the huddled-together masterpieces of Reynolds and Gainsborough, expressions of surprise must needs be heard. Various interpreted also such a procedure must surely be. Some will say that Sir Edward Poynter has an *ex-officio* tenderness for his predecessor in the Presidential chair of the Academy.

One thing is becoming more and more certainly apparent—that what with the Chantrey Trusteeship, the Presidency of the Royal Academy, the Keepership of the National Gallery, and his own work as a painter, a man must be a Titan to give to all his labours the love, the discrimination, the research, which every great undertaking

The names of two artists of note appear upon the death-roll. M. Fantin-Latour has an immortality in his flower-pieces, and he himself, as well as his work, was well known in England. Mr. Arthur Melville had foreign traditions and was never so successful as in his portrayals of foreign scenes. He was a painter of that light which never was on land or sea of England. The brilliant water-colour sketches he lately made in Spain were hung beside Mr. Sargent's in an exhibition, and bore even that comparison. One of our best remaining colourists referred to Mr. Melville as "a colourist of the first order"; and he had a fine sense of composition, of draughtsmanship, and of the delineation of character. With these qualities the wonder is that Mr. Melville did not achieve a greater contemporary fame. Perhaps his own character, which had nothing pushful about it, partly accounts for the general lack of knowledge about his powers.

Mr. Sargent's evidence before the Chantrey Committee is supplemented in the official report by a letter he wrote "in justice to the Royal Academy" about the purchase of his "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose." This is Mr. Sargent's little passage of autobiography: "My picture was painted several years before I was elected to the Royal Academy. The late Mr. Wells, R.A., saw it in my studio before it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and intimated to me that he would like to propose it for purchase by the Chantrey Fund. I declined another offer, and the picture was bought by the Council on Mr. Wells's recommendation. I feel that this is an instance, which I have every reason to make known, of a picture not by an Academician having been found out and secured before exhibition."

W. M.



Photo. Gale and Follen

THE GREAT ARMY MANŒUVRES: THE INVADERS STARTING FOR ESSEX.

The photograph shows the 2nd Coldstream Guards' Maxim Gun Detachment on the march from Aldershot to Southampton, there to embark upon the transports which took the invading army to the coast of East Anglia.

positively needs. The National Gallery, for instance, offers a field over the boundaries of which the feet of an enthusiastic Keeper do not need to stray. It offers to any man a full scope for his enthusiasm; an unlimited range for his study; a career that is complete in itself.

the picture was bought by the Council on Mr. Wells's recommendation. I feel that this is an instance, which I have every reason to make known, of a picture not by an Academician having been found out and secured before exhibition."



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WILLS & BEQUESTS

MR. ROBERT DAUNTESEY, of Agecroft Hall, Pendlebury, Lancashire, who died on April 14, without issue, by his will (dated 1899), after bequeathing £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Alice Mary Dauntesey, £200 to Elizabeth McBean, and £100 to Mr. G. Arthur Robinson, bequeathed the greater part of the furniture, pictures, and silver to the trustees of his will as heirlooms, and the remainder to Mrs. Dauntesey absolutely. He gave his real estate at Ambleside and the residue of his personal estate to his wife for life, then to his children (if any), and in default of children to his brother the Rev. R. Arthur Hull, absolutely, or if he should be then dead, to his children. He entailed his estates at Agecroft, Poulton-le-Fylde, Normoss, and Much Hoole in the county of Lancaster on his children (if any), and in default of children on his brother Captain William S. Hull and his children, subject to the payment of £2000 a year to Mrs. A. M. Dauntesey for her life, and after her death to his brother the Rev. R. Arthur Hull for his life, and then to his children for their lives. Captain Hull to take the name of Dauntesey. He appointed his wife and the Rev. R. Arthur Hull and Mr. G. Arthur Robinson executors. The real and personal estate together amount to £138,405.



THE "LADY OF THE ISLES" ASHORE NEAR PENZANCE.

The pleasure-steamer "Lady of the Isles," Scilly, during an excursion trip on September 1, struck a rock four miles west of Penzance, and was beached in Lamorna Cove. She had a large hole near the engine-room. The disabled vessel was assisted by the steamer "Greencastle."

Photo. Gibson.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1903) of MR. FREDERICK HAMLYN, J.P., D.L., of Clovelly Court, Devon, who died on July 22, was proved on Aug. 26 by Herbert Gosling and Colonel George Gosling, the brothers, the value of the estate amounting to £127,994. The testator devises and gives all his freehold, leasehold, and copyhold property in Devon to be held upon the like trusts

as those of the Clovelly Court settled estates. All other his property he leaves, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, Mrs. Christine Louisa Hamlyn, for life, and then for his children. In the event of his leaving no issue living to take a vested interest, then he gives £16,000 to his said two brothers; £6000 to the children of his sister Lady Georgina Clerke; £16,000 among the children of each of his sisters Mrs. Vere Penrhyn, Mrs. Louise Wilbraham, and Mrs. Eleanor Hotham; £20,000 for such one of his wife's nieces, Mary, Betty, and Angela Manners, or their issue, as may succeed to the said settled property; £500 to his nephew George Bennett Gosling; and £500 each to five godchildren. Should either of his said wife's nieces or their issue succeed to the Clovelly Court estate, then the residue of his property is to be held, in trust, for that one; but should none of

them so succeed, then the residue is to go as though he had died intestate, and be divided among his next-of-kin. The will (dated Aug. 5, 1901), with a codicil (of Sept. 12, 1903), of MRS. ELIZABETH WOOD, of Belmont, Sidmouth, who died on July 14, was proved on Aug. 29 by Richard Henry Wood, the husband,

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the value of the estate being £83,478. The testatrix gives £10,000 to the Earl of Winchelsea on his succeeding to the Haverholme Priory estate; £10,000 to the Rev. William Robert Finch Hatton; £3000 to Evelyn Georgiana, Viscountess Templetown; £5000 to her sister Mary Hatton; £1000 each to John Ussher and Mary Ussher; £5000 to Lady Gladys Finch Hatton; the Hatton Arms Inn, and all her real estate at Hatton, Chester, to her husband for life, and then to Arthur Gerald Hatton; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her husband.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1889), with a codicil (of March 29, 1898), of MR. ALFRED HENRY CAULFIELD, of Yewden Manor, Hambleden, Bucks, who died on July 14, was proved on Aug. 24 by Algernon Thomas St. George Caulfield, the nephew, the value of the estate being sworn at £66,617. The testator gives his pictures, prints, and articles of table ornament to his step-daughter, Lady Blanche Sybil Tollemache; 100 guineas to his cousin, the Hon. Francis George Crofton; £5000 to his late wife's sister, Mrs. Emily Ewen; £1000 to Elizabeth Oatley; and £200 to his godson, Edward Charles Crofton. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Mr. A. T. St. George Caulfield.

Letters of Administration of the effects of MR. EDWARD COLES BAKER, of 13, Radnor Place, Hyde Park, who died on April 18, intestate, have been granted to Mrs. Grace Tweeddale Baker, the widow, the value of the property amounting to £65,212.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1899) of the REV. FREDERICK LEICESTER, of 5, Tor Gardens, Campden Hill, who died on June 26, was proved on Aug. 24 by Miss Catherine Leicester and Miss Alice Leicester, the daughters, the value of the estate being £58,963. The testator gives to his daughters the annuities he has purchased for them from the Post Office. Subject thereto he leaves all his property, in trust, for his wife for life, and then to his two daughters.

The will (dated April 3, 1903), with two codicils (of Jan. 15 and June 13, 1904), of MR. HERBERT JAMES COVE, of 88, Connaught Street, Pimlico, who died on July 27, was proved on Aug. 26 by William Smith, John Eyre, and Charles Eustace Wilson, the executors, the value of the estate being £44,087. The testator gives £100 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; his leasehold residence to William Smith; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half thereof to the Royal London

Ophthalmic Hospital (City Road), and the other half between the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital and the Middlesex Hospital.

The will (dated July 19, 1904) of MR. FREDERIC ANDREW Inderwick, K.C., late M.P. for Rye, of 8, Warwick Square, S.W., and Mariteau House, Winchelsea, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Aug. 30 by Walter Andrew Inderwick and Miss Edith Fanny Inderwick, the children, and Robert Hamilton Few, the value of the estate being £16,032. The testator gives £500, the household furniture, and the use of his silver and collection of coins, to his wife; £100 each to his children Walter Andrew, Frederick Charles Alfred, and Edith Fanny; £100, and £156 per annum during the life of Mrs. Inderwick, to his daughter-in-law Ella; £50 each to his nephews Henry Chartres Biron and Gerald Biron; £100 to his wife's sister Louisa Wilkinson; £100 to Robert Hamilton Few; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and subject thereto he gives £12,000 on various trusts for his son Frederick Charles Alfred and his wife and children, and the ultimate residue between his children Walter Andrew and Edith Fanny.

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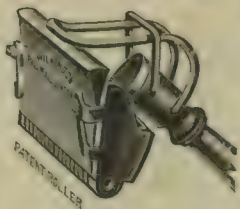
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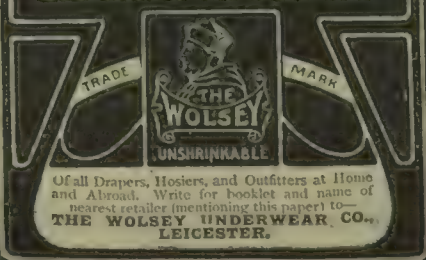
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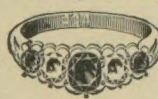
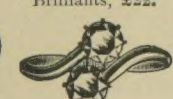
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MODERN TRADE IN WOAD.

(See Illustrations.)

One of the quaintest and most interesting of the minor industries of Lincoln and Cambridgeshire is the growing and manufacture of woad, or dyer's weed—the blue war-paint of the barbaric Britons, and the *Isatis tinctoria* of the present-day botanist. This so little-known plant is cultivated in the neighbourhood of Boston, and also around the Wisbech district at Parson Drove, where the woad factory was lately visited by a section of the British Association under the guidance of Mr. Perry, of Spalding.

Flail-thrashed, the woad-seed is sown in April and May, and as the crops appear they are weeded with almost minute care by men and women, who crawl across the fields, using a dwarf-handled hoe, which, for some reason unknown, is always spoken of as a woad-"spud." This weeding is necessarily continued for many weeks, as the land is divided into plots, which are drilled at different times. Thus from many sowings come many harvests, the first of which takes place late in August or early in September, when the still immature plants are plucked by hand; but at

the second cropping of each plot the harvesters use their curious-looking woad-spuds as sickles. As gathered, the plant is not more than about twelve inches high, but when allowed to seed it reaches something over three feet, bearing a pretty yellow cruciform flower. Upon the gathering of the tender foliage it is removed to the factory, where it is successively crushed, fermented, balled, dried, powdered, and casked. The crushing-mill consists of three heavy open-barred wheels attached to a central shaft, and as these revolve—either by steam or horse-power—the green woad is strewn in the trackway and the juggernauts soon convert it into a thing of pulp. This pulp is first fermented in heaps, and after much of the liquid dye has been purposely "run off" through waste-pipes, the vegetable matter is balled by hand, the workers becoming almost as stained as were our Celtic forebears. Having been dried in wind-swept sheds, the woad balls are subjected to a daily beating for seven weeks; and by this time they are reduced to a coarse powder, which, on being moistened with water, is casked and so made ready for sale.

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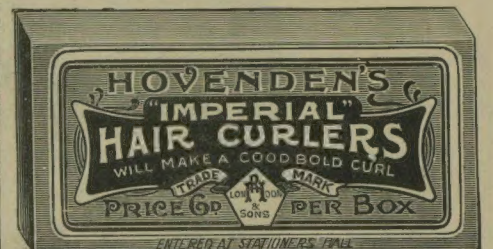
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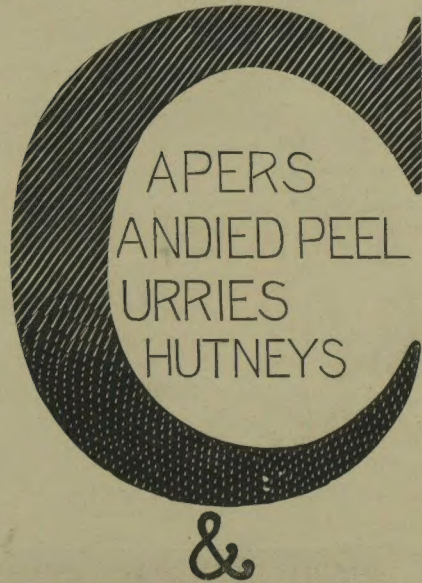
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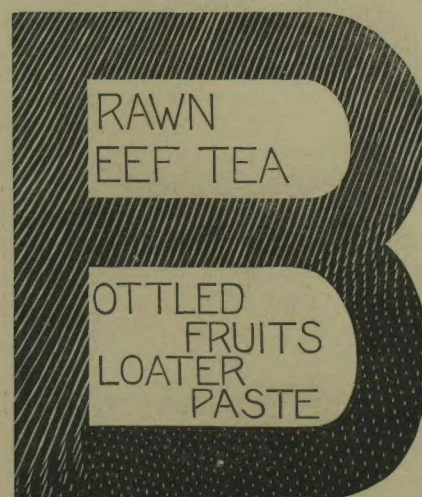
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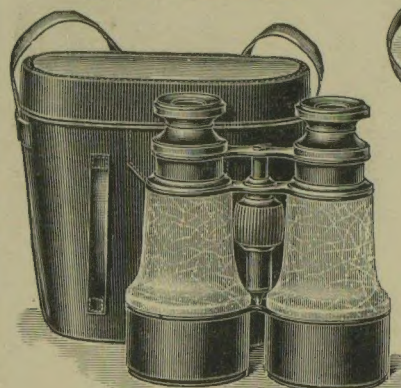


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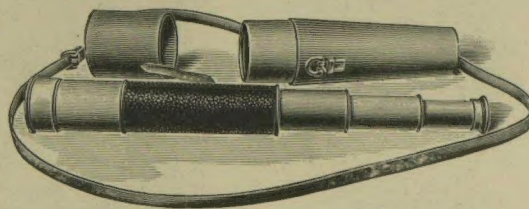
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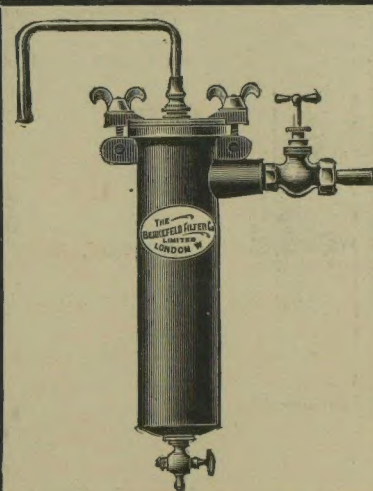
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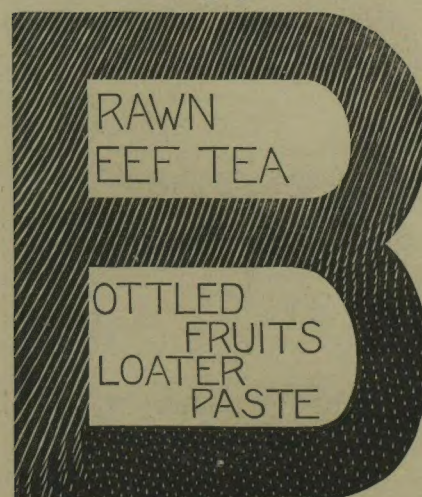
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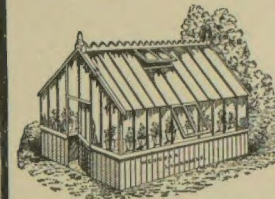
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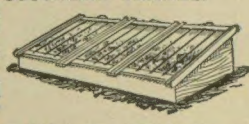


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Long.	Wide.	Height.	Eaves.	On rail.	Erected complete.
7 ft.	5 ft.	7 ft.	4 ft.	£2 17 6	£4 17 6
9 ft.	6 ft.	7 ft. 3 in.	4 ft.	3 15 0	6 0 0
10 ft.	7 ft.	7 ft. 6 in.	4 ft. 6 in.	4 10 0	7 0 0
12 ft.	8 ft.	8 ft.	5 ft.	5 15 0	8 12 6
15 ft.	9 ft.	8 ft. 6 in.	5 ft.	7 10 0	11 0 0
20 ft.	10 ft.	9 ft.	5 ft. 6 in.	9 15 0	14 0 0
25 ft.	10 ft.	9 ft.	5 ft. 6 in. 13	10 0 0	18 0 0

MELON AND CUCUMBER FRAMES.

For storage of plants in winter, for the cultivation of melons, cucumbers, &c. in summer. Made of 1 in. thoroughly well-seasoned red deal boards, lights 2 in. thick, glazed 2 1/2 oz. glass. Painted two coats.



1-Light Frames.	2-Light Frames.	3-Light Frames.
3 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 15s.	6 ft. by 4 ft. 30s.	10 ft. by 6 ft. 60s.
4 ft. by 3 ft. 18s.	8 ft. by 4 ft. 36s.	12 ft. by 6 ft. 70s.
6 ft. by 4 ft. 28s.	8 ft. by 6 ft. 50s.	

For Span and 1/2 Span Roof Frames, Pits, and Lights, see List.

GARDEN LIGHTS.

Well-seasoned, stiles 2 in. by 2 in., mortised and pinned to tenoned rails, properly rabbited for the glass, and fitted with 2 in. sash bars.

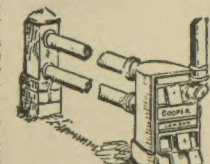
	Unglazed.	Glazed.	Unglazed, with sufficient glass to glaze them.
6 ft. by 4 ft.	2s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	6s. 0d.
5 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in.	2s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	5s. 0d.
4 ft. by 3 ft.	2s. 3d.	6s. 0d.	4s. 0d.
3 ft. by 2 ft.	1s. 6d.	4s. 0d.	2s. 6d.

Iron Strengthening Bar, 1s. extra.

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Securely and carefully packed on rail at the following respective prices: Size of House: 7 ft. by 5 ft., £2 15s.; 9 ft. by 6 ft., £3 10s.; 10 ft. by 7 ft., £3 2s. 6d.; 12 ft. by 8 ft., £3 5s.; 15 ft. by 10 ft., £4 5s.; 20 ft. by 10 ft., £5 5s.; 25 ft. by 10 ft., £6 5s.

Estimates for complete Apparatus for any sized House free on application. Write for prices for large quantities.

PORTABLE STABLE AND COACH AND HARNESS HOUSE.



No. 64. Constructed of good strong materials throughout, the sides and ends being covered with matching, on 3 in. by 2 in. framing. The roof is covered with stout boards on strong principals and covered with felt, complete with partitions, doors, windows, ironmongery, and glass. In sections in readiness for erection.

Suitable for	Length.	Width.	Ridge.	Eaves.	£ s. d.
1 Pony and Trap	14 ft.	10 ft.	10 ft.	7 ft.	9 10 0
1 Horse and Trap	15 ft.	12 ft.	12 ft.	8 ft.	12 0 0
2 Horses and Traps	20 ft.	12 ft.	12 ft.	8 ft.	15 0 0

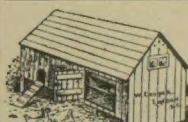
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Length.	Width.	Cash price. £ s. d.	Length.	Width.	Cash price. £ s. d.
7 ft.	5 ft.	2 17 6	15 ft.	10 ft.	9 15 0
8 ft.	6 ft.	3 5 0	20 ft.	12 ft.	11 5 0
10 ft.	7 ft.	4 10 0	30 ft.	14 ft.	18 10 0
12 ft.	8 ft.	5 15 0	35 ft.	15 ft.	27 10 0
15 ft.	9 ft.	7 10 0	40 ft.	16 ft.	32 0 0

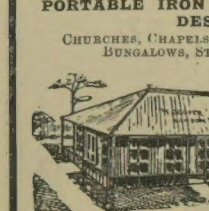
For numerous other Designs, see List.



No. 35—Bungalow Style of Residence, containing six rooms and a small domestic office, erected complete, on purchaser's foundation, £175; on rail or wharf, £110.

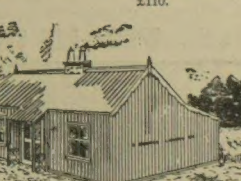
Packed on rail: 3 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in., 17s. 6d.; 4 ft. by 4 ft., £1 4s.; 5 ft. by 4 ft., £1 6s.; 6 ft. by 4 ft., £1 12s.; 7 ft. by 5 ft., £2; 8 ft. by 6 ft., £2 5s. For numerous other Designs, see List.

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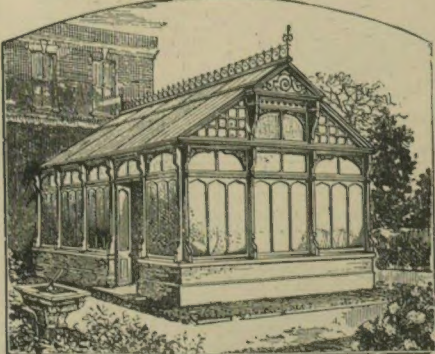


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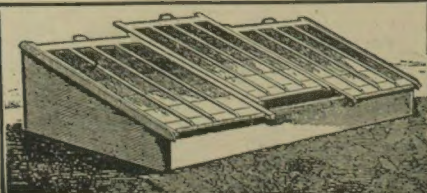
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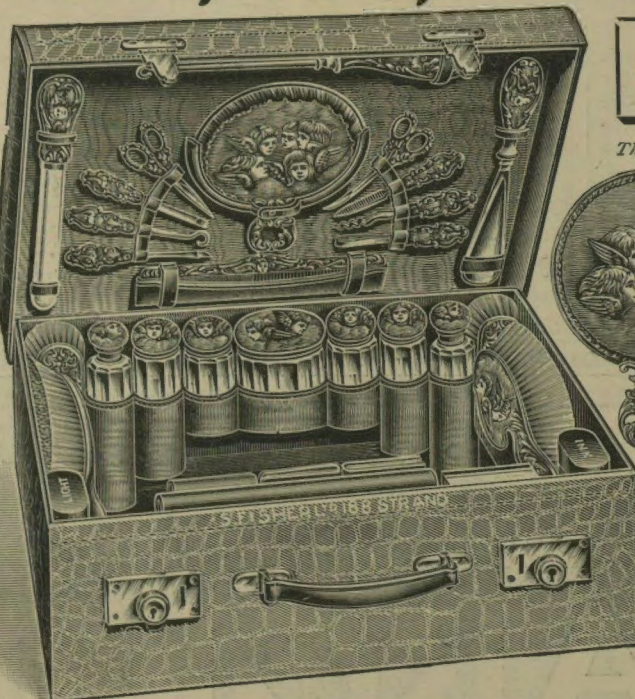
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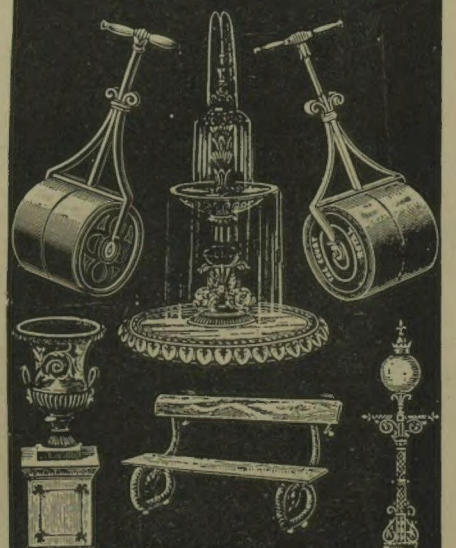
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